OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—*Shakspeare.*

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE PRESIDENCY.....*No.* 3.

Fellow-Citizens: Assuming, as a sound republican maxim, that the public character of public men is a lawful topic for free inquiry and candid investigation—should we, at this important crisis, assume a more than ordinary freedom of discussion, we entreat you to read with attention, and weigh with candor, truths, the publication of which has no other design than the common good. While we shall endeavor, as far as possible, to avoid personalities and spare the feelings of individuals, we must not refrain from suggesting to you frankly some of the many reasons we have to be sensible how much we may suffer by harkening too readily to crafty and unprincipled sycophants. This is the political sin which most easily besets a free people: the fatal malady so dangerous to free governments. We apprehend, that it is too palpable a truth to have escaped general observation, that there now exists amongst us a combination of "choice spirits," too ambitious for the quiet pursuits of private life, consisting of the most restless, dangerous and combustible materials of both the old political sects into which this community was formerly divided, engaged in the unholy and sinister purpose of obscuring the brightest luminary in our political horizon; and of, thereby, depriving you of the public services and eminent usefulness of the most illustrious and efficient statesman now on the stage of action. That statesman, who alone has retained, through every trial and every peril, the unshaken confidence and esteem of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe; and who has confessedly done more to promote and establish the great interests and high reputation of your country, both at home and abroad, than any other public man, who has entered on the theatre of public service since the glorious epoch of 1776. And in order to carry into effect this traitorous conspiracy, some of your public servants are laboring hard to prevent the regular and constitutional order of the State. Men you have delighted to honor, regardless of the obligation they are under to promote, to their utmost, the well known wishes and interests of their constituents, have set up themselves as an infallible standard of political orthdoxy, and boldly demand of you conformity to their rules of action. Thereby attempting to usurp and exercise an arbitrary authority over their legitimate and rightful sovereign. But, *fellow-citizens*, does not the redeeming spirit of your republican form of government ensure you a speedy, safe and peaceable redress of these wrongs and injuries? The constitutional period is at hand which guarantees to you the opportunity to correct this procedure, by evincing to public servants, who have so vilely betrayed you, that you have the capacity to discern what is politically as well as morally right, and that you possess the power as well as independence to execute what you determine so to be. And when can you hope for another occasion, so favorable, if this should be neglected, to teach unfaithful representatives that they shall not violate their duty to you with impunity. That they may not, in future, expect to retain your countenance and support, when they counteract the known sentiments of a majority of their constituents, in relation to their dearest privileges? It is always unpleasant, and often invidious to arraign at the bar of public opinion, individuals who are acting an unworthy part, and should be done only when the public safety demands it. That being the present case, suffer, we conjure you, a few remarks in reference to some specific charges, recently exhibited to the public against the man of your choice for the next President.

What, then, is the sum and substance of the mighty charge of Mr. Pickering against Mr. Adams, which, by one full sweep of his envenomed pen, is to blacken forever the fair fame of Mr. Adams? Why, surely—That in the trying crisis of 1807, when the British Lion and Corsican Vulture were rivaling each other in preying upon the life-blood of our commerce; when, after the most patient and long-suffering trial of almost every other peaceable expedient had been resorted to, in order to obtain amicable redress of wrongs, without success, that Mr. Adams had the magnanimity to repose some confidence in the "high responsibility of President Jefferson," and when the Embargo was recommended, by him, in hopes that it might ultimately prevent war, and when it was well known, that its whole beneficial effect must depend upon its prompt enactment, in such a conjuncture, as a Senator, Mr. Adams thought it more fitting for him "*to act than deliberate.*" And will republicans, now basely join in the infamous "*hue and cry*" against Mr. Adams for reposing a manly trust in the revered sage of Monticello, who has ever, most emphatically, been the man of the people? And, more especially, after having, during the successive periods of the administrations of several different republican Presidents, availed yourselves of the long-tried experience, unwearied industry, and resplendent talents of this same John Quincy Adams to help you in your utmost need through the most alarming difficulties and trials, in both peace and war? And in the name of decency, consistency and gratitude, shall the identical public men and public prints, which, for nearly twenty years past, have been eulogizing and puffing every political sentiment which could be elicited from the able pen of the always patriotic, venerable and sincere, though sometimes ill-advised and misguided Father, be now countenanced and supported in their shameful abuse of the son on the Father's account? And, let it never be forgotten, that this very Father, "*with all his imperfections on his head,*" was a distinguished co-patriot of *Samuel Adams*, *Franklin*, *Hancock*, *Warren*, *Otis*, *Jefferson*, *Washington* and La Fayette. But what more? The political mountain has labored, indeed, and brought forth her mouse. "List, list, O list!" "If thou didst ever thy dear country love"—There is now a most wondrous tale going the rounds in all the Crawford prints (see 1st page of the Eastern Argus of the 24th ult.) which, like the *Cunningham correspondence* has recently been dug out of the violated sepulchre of the dead, "*That sometime about the spring of the year* 1807, *at the table of an illustrious citizen, now no more, John Quincy Adams lamented the progress of the democratic party, and of its principles, and observed, that he had meditated the subject, and had become convinced, that the only method by which the democratic party could be destroyed was by joining with it,*" &c.—so that our *wiseacres* of the North have just made the important discovery, that Mr. Adams has been, during almost twenty years, a spy in the democratic camp, and all the while, through every vicissitude of peace and war, has acted a most conspicuous part, and yet no living mortal, either federal or democratic, ever suspected him, nor ever would have done until the "last shock of time" would have immerged in eternity had "the prison house" of this illustrious defunct, "forbid a tale to unfold, whose lightest word" (it seems) "has harrowed up the souls" of all our *tender-hearted* disciples of their boasted duellist *school-master* of the South.

"'Tis slander, whose edge is sharper than a sword,
Whose tongue out venoms all the worms of Nile,
Whose breath rides on the posting winds,
And doth belie all corners of the world."

FRANKLIN.

For the Oxford Observer.

Sketches of the Mineralogy and Geology of Oxford County.....No. 4.

BASIN FALLS.

These very beautiful falls, are situated on a small stream in Buckfield, a few rods south from the road leading from this town, through that place. The stream is gathered from the roots of Streaked Mountain, and is inconsiderable, except when swelled by the spring freshets, and here in the course of 25 rods, performs a descent of more than 100 feet, through a ledge of Granite. This ledge, from the abundance of Mica and Sulphuret of Molybdenia, that it contains, assumes a slaty, friable appearance, and is worn away by the current, in some places to an astonishing depth. The water now traverses it, in a series of beautiful cascades, and as its course is not direct, it has rounded out in its angular passage, spherical *basins* of uncommon beauty At the termination of its descent, the course of the stream performs a right angle, and at this place, the basin is about three rods in diameter, widening to the top of the bank in the ascent of nearly an hundred feet, which here spreads itself around the basin, in the greater segment of a circle, whose periphery would measure, at least, 150 yards. Into this basin, the water falls in a final cascade of about 30 feet; it is not exactly perpendicular, but comes over the ledge in a trough or flume that it has worn out, and at a little distance, looking like a white ribbon extended over the blackened and weather beaten rock. Standing within this ampitheatre and catching the "tout en semble" of the scenery, one is amply repaid for the descent, in the richness and singular beauty of the view. Looking up the stream, you see it tumbling in foam, through its dark and stoney channel, its snowy whiteness relieved by the iron and rusty texture of the rock, over which it bounds. As it turns here suddenly to the right, it flows at the foot of a precipice, from the top of which, a line may be sent 50 feet before it will touch the surface of the water. Upon the other side, the hill rises up steep and receding, thickly covered with young saplings, increasing in magnitude as the hill rises, and sending together their dense and darkened foilage over the grotto, and rendering it almost impervious to the rays of the sun.—Although the water is many feet deep in this basin, it is so pure and transparent that you may see distinctly the rare minerals, in which the ledge abounds, glittering on the bottom, as if nothing intervened, and the silver spotted trout, darting from one covert to another as you disturb his element, with the same distinctness, as if it moved in the air before you. The solid structure of its circular wall, and the fine area that contains the liquid element, reminds one of artificial formation, and the cooling freshness of the spot, forms too enticing an incitement to one burning from the heat of summer, to forego the luxury of mingling with its pure and tideless wave. It is indeed a spot where even Diana and her quivered attendants might unclasp their zones, nor fear the prying eyes of an Acteon. Even the river God himself, might come up from his broader wave, when the dog-star rages, to sport himself in this romantic recess, unscathed by the beams of Sol, and fenced against all the powers of Eolus. Any one who has drank in the inspirations of ancient literature, in approaching this grotto, is forcibly reminded of their beautiful Mythological system, and would almost look around cautiously, lest he should disturb some sylvan Deity, by his profane presence. There is much similar scenery in this County, and it is wished that some one who feels the "stirrings of the muse" would give to them a "local habitation and a name," and people them with the genuine offspring of a poetic imagination. I mention this place only as a locality of minerals, in which it is very rich.

This ledge, through which the water flows, as I before remarked, is granite, or rather from the great abundance of Mica, passes into Gneiss or Mica Slate, which contains

Sulphuret of Molybdenia, sometimes massive, but mostly in small scales or lamina, which are imperfectly crystallized in hexædral tables.

Oxide of Molybdenia is also common, in the shape of yellow powder or a kind of friable crust. It is found in considerable quantities between the strata that compose the ledge, and also investing the Sulphuret in its gangue.

These two kinds of Molybdenia and Mica, sometimes occur together in such proportions, that the rock crumbles to pieces from the least pressure, and was supposed by the inhabitants in its vicinity to contain *Quicksilver*.

Copper Pyrites.—This is abundant, in thin scales, adhering to the Quartz and Feldspar. Under the water it exhibits a very brilliant appearance and sparkles like the purest gold.

Iron Pyrites—abundant through the ledge, and decomposing cover it with a reddish or Iron rusty appearance and also forming *Sulphate of Iron* in *efflorescence*, which may be seen adhering to the ledge in most places, where it is not immediately exposed to the action of the storms and the stream.

Sulphur is found here in small quantities with the Oxide of Molybdenia, which it very nearly resembles.

Green Mica.—Some of the Mica at this locality, exhibits a beautiful tinge of green—and others, a fine *straw color*.

Feldspar.—This is by far, the finest mineral discovered at these falls, as it passes into *Adularia*. Some of the specimens show a most briliant green color and are nearly as transparent as the Quartz.—Some of the specimens are *blue*.—When the Adularia is incrusted with the Copper Pyrites, it renders it uncommonly handsome.

VIATOR.

Mr. Barton—You will much oblige one of your subscribers by publishing in your Observer, the enclosed extract from the New-Hampshire Patriot, as taken from the Salem Register, with its comments thereon.

Isaac Hill, of the Concord, N. H. Patriot, is now one of the most determined opponents of John Q. Adams, and is laboring incessantly in support of the man ludicrously styled the "National Candidate," whom he well knows the people of New-Hampshire will reject. Now mark what this same Isaac Hill said, previous to his interview with the "Giants of Intrigue" at Washington, respecting the identical John Q. Adams, whom he now so strenuously opposes.

"The more we contemplate the character of this amiable, assiduous and excellent statesman and patriot [John Q. Adams]—the further we witness his progress in the diplomatic history of our country; the more we see to admire and applaud. Not content with pursuing the tracks of his illustrious predecessors in the annals of our negociations, his assiduity finds, both in our local and general history, and in the history of other negociations, incidents fruitful in benefits to our country. As well in the negociations with Britain at Ghent, as in the subsequent correspondence with the agents of Spain, did our *accomplished Secretary* fortify himself and his country on high ground, *purely from his superior sagacity and research.*

"When the illustrious Monroe shall retire, we believe no individual will stand more conspicuous for the Presidency than Mr. Adams. The only objection, urged against him, so far from being an objection, *is a strong reason why the people should delight to honor him*: it is, that he has not the manners of a courtier, that his address is plain, that he does not make all the parade which is peculiar to the mighty ones of the earth. A man of his industry and research could not but acquire habits, at which others less industrious, would revolt. The truly great mind—*and such we esteem that of Mr. Adams*, avoids all unnecessary parade, and is as averse to show as the vacant head is fond of making up its deficiencies by the display of external pomp and grandeur.—*Vide N. H. Patriot, Jan.* 11, 1820.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Extract from a letter from an American gentleman now travelling in Europe, to the editors of the New-York Com. Advertiser, dated

Dublin, June 12, 1824.

This city presents the most extraordinary contrast of poverty and magnificence to be met with in Europe. As you approach it you find the suburbs composed of hovels, the sides of which are partly stone and partly earth, the roofs of turf, the entrances about 4 1-2 feet high, the whole dimensions of each not exceeding 12 to 14 feet square. These miserable caves, may or may not have a hole for a window, and an aperture on the top to let out the smoke, if the luxury of fire can be afforded. Around the door the dirty children are huddled—not one half are decently clad: some of them still evince notions of civilization by slinking into the house, or turning their bare parts against the wall as a stranger passes. I see hundreds whose dress, consisting of a mass of rags, of all colors and of all sorts of fabrics, will not furnish one piece of cloth eight inches square—and these tatters seemed to be sewed together only to prevent them from deserting each other.

I am here giving you no high colored picture, nor am I selecting a few rare instances. I restrain myself within the bounds of veritable accuracy—I am talking of what composes the whole environs of Dublin, and embraces a very large portion of its 200,000 inhabitants. There is nothing in France, Germany, or Holland, and I think nothing in Italy, that approaches the spectacles of raggedness, poverty and wretchedness which swarm in Dublin.

Having passed the suburbs, the dwellings improve, and on reaching Sackville-street, you imagine yourself in one of the most elegant cities of Europe. In walking over the city, the late parliament house (now the bank) the exchange, the quay along the Liffey, and several of the public squares, excite the stranger's admiration. There is no part of London which can compare with the centre of Dublin in beauty and magnificence.

But in turning the eye from the architectural splendor which surrounds him, upon the crowds which flow along the streets, the stranger will be struck with the motley nature of the throng. Here is a lass almost buoyant with satin and feathers; there is a trembling girl of 18, purple from cold, and drawing around her the poor rags, which, with all her care, scarce cover her body; here is an *exquisite*, perfuming the air as he passes, with rings on his fingers, diamonds in his broach, and a gemmed quizzing glass at his side; there is an honest fellow who cannot afford a hat, whose feet, summer or winter, know not the luxury of shoe or stocking, and whose whole wardrobe, consists of but two articles, viz. a tattered jacket and about half a pair of small clothes; and not to multiply pictures, while the Lord Lieutenant dashes by in a coach and four, the stranger gazes at the gallant and costly pageant, while he empties his pockets to satisfy the throng of beggars who pray him in the name of God to give them a penny.

You will not wonder that my interest was soon excited for Ireland, after witnessing these scenes. If such misery prevails in Dublin, where more charitable societies exist for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of mankind, than in any other city in the world, what must be the state of the remoter parts of Ireland? From my own observation, and the uniform testimony of intelligent people here, I think I may safely affirm that there is not so wretched a community on the globe as that of a great part of Ireland. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? All the lands in this Island belong to rich proprietors, who live out of the kingdom, and spend abroad all that they can scrape out of the soil. What else than poverty can be the lot of a country thus situated? And when you examine the subject more in detail, you find things still worse than, from a general statement, could have been imagined.

Many of the proprietors employ agents who reside in England, and let the lands to subagents called land pirates, or middle men, who monopolize the soil, and exact what is called rack-rent from the peasants. Nor is rack-rent the most serious burthen which this devoted people have to bear. Every tenth part of the produce of the soil is wrested from them by the Ministers of the church of England, in whose religion they do not believe; while they are still obliged to support their own Ministers in whom they do believe.

Memento.—When La Fayette received an order from Washington to go to Virginia that he might oppose Gen. Phillips, his troops were in want of every thing. On arriving at Baltimore on the 17th April, he was under the greatest embarrasments for want of shoes; "*there not being a pair in his whole command. But the love and confidence he had excited, enabled him to borrow of the merchants* 2000 *guineas upon his own credit; with which he procured such necessaries as were wanting for the forwarding of his detachment.*"

Gordon's Am. Rev.

The noble address of La Roche-Jaquelin to his soldiers, is one of the finest specimens of laconic: "If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me."

POETRY.

From the New-York Statesman.

LA FAYETTE.

Hail, patriot, statesman, hero, sage!
Hail, Freedom's friend! hail, Gallia's son—
Whose laurels greener grow in age,
Plucked by the side of *Washington!*
Hail, champion in a holy cause,
When hostile bands our shores beset;
Whose valor bade th' oppressor pause—
Hail, hoary warrior—*La Fayette.*

Forever welcome to the shore,
A youthful chief, thy footsteps pressed;
And dauntless, want and peril bore,
Till "VENI VICI,*" decked thy crest:
Forever welcome, *great and good,*
Till Freedom's sun on earth shall set,
The still small voice of gratitude
Shall bless the name of—*La Fayette.*

What monarch of despotic power,
Who fain would crush the freeborn brave;
Whose glory gilds a tottering tower,
Himself a subject and a slave;
Would not, to view a nation's eyes,
With joyous drops unbidden wet,
The pageantry or pride despise,
And grasp the hand of—*La Fayette.*

When'er the lips of youth inquire
The path to virtue, honor, fame—
To glory's temple proud aspire,
While warmly glows the ardent flame;
The voice of age shall fearless tell
What perils oft its path beset,
And prompt them onward by the spell
That urged the soul of—*La Fayette.*

And when the shades of death shall close
Forever round thy hallowed head,
We'll seek the place of thy repose,
By filial love and duty led;
And *hearts* that in bosoms free,
(Gems by unerring wisdom set,)
The living monument shall be
Of Freedom's champion—*La Fayette,*

BOSTON BARD.

* *I came and conquered.*

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

From a late British Publication.

PARADISE.

Most nations have united to make the future abode of good spirits a garden; a name among the Persians and Assyrians, synonimous with Paradise! The Mehomitans call the Paradise to which the faithful will be called, Jannat le Naim, "the garden of pleasure," Jannat Aden, "the garden of perpetual abode," and not unfrequently by the simple name of A Jannat, to distinguish it from all others. Before the time of Mahomet, the Arabians imagined that the same events and passions which governed their early existence would accompany them in their future state.

The Icelanders imagine that on the summit of the Boula, a mountain which no one has hitherto ascended, there is a cavern which opens to a paradise of perpetual verdure, delightfully shaded by trees, and abounding in large flocks of sheep.

The cave of Candahar is believed to present an analagous similitude. This cave the Alghans esteem impenetrable, owing to the roar of winds and the rushing of waters.—They relate, however, that some hardy adventurers once penetrated it, and beheld a most enchanting garden in the bowels of the earth; in which were every beautiful flower, and perfume, all rendered more delightful by the sounds of music, so exquisite as at once to ravish and enchant the soul.

The Greenlander imagines heaven to turn round a large rock; and happiness to consist in hunting from age to age. The Laplander believes that a paradise is situated in the centre of the snows of Sweden, and that he will be accommodated thither by his favorite reindeer. The Muscogulgees imagine it among the islands of the vast Pacific.

The heaven of the New-Zealanders is called Tackinga Attus and abounds in all the fanciful delights the wildest imagination can conceive. The natives of Benin, on the coast of Africa, believe theirs to be situated in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The Sintnisis, of Japan, imagine that the soul is transmitted to sub-celestial fields, immediately beneath the thirty-three heavens, which are the native mansions of their gods. The Lagoins of Laos assert, that the souls of good men assume a body of ethereal substance, clear and transparent as light; and that after enjoying the pleasures of sixteen successive heavens, they return to the earth, and once more take up their habitation in a human body. The Siamese believe that souls transmigrate three or four times: after which they are permitted to enter the true paradise, (the Nirapan) in which they enjoy perpetual repose; and their delight is presumed to equal that of the gods.

The Mexicans conceived that those who died of wounds or were drowned, went to a cool and delightful place, there to enjoy all manner of pleasures; those who died in battle or in captivity, were wafted to the palace of the Sun, and led a life of endless delight. After an abode of four years, they animated clouds and birds of beautiful feather and sweetest song; having at the same time, liberty to ascend to heaven, or descend to earth, to suck sweet flowers, and warble enchanting songs.

Worthily to love, and fondly to devote ourselves to the happiness of another, who deserves our high regard, is not condemned by religion. It is not even a weakness which it permits and deplores; but a virtue which it sanctions and commands. And the heart that is deceived or betrayed, need not augment its anguish by self-reproach. Love is not only an innocent but a noble passion. When guided and controlled by religion, it is the germ of all social virtues—the cement and the solace of the various relations of human life.—When rewarded with the hallowed possession of its object, it strews the path of duty with flowers, and scents the air with fragrance; when unfortunate, and ill-requited, it becomes absorbed in high and holy principles; investing resignation with unwonted sublimity, and extracting from earthly disappointment, the calm satisfaction of heavenly hope. The process by which it is thus transformed, may impair the fragile tenement in which it is enshrined, and the dross of mortality, in such a furnace, may melt away into its kindred earth; but the soaring, unrobed spirit, returns to God who gave it, and at last enjoys repose where it first derived existence.

A Christian.—Sir John Mason, on his death bed, said, "I have lived to see five princes, and have been privy counsellor to four of them; I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and have been present at most state transactions for thirty years together; and I have learnt this, after so many years' experience—that *seriousness* is the greatest wisdom; *temperance* the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate. And, were I to live I would change the court for a cloister, my privy counsellor's bustle for a hermit's retirement, and the whole life I have lived in a palace, for an hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel."

HOPE.—Do not suffer yourself to be elated by the promises of hope. If they are true, receive them with rational gratitude, but let them not excite in your bosom the tumult of expectation, or drive the fancy to the too delicious pleasures of airy vision. Keep the mind always governed by reason, and, to prevent the delirium of hope, consider how often it deceives. Would you venture your felicity in the bubbles which burst at the touch, or build it on the cloud that is scattered by the lightest breath? Every good on earth is uncertain as the bubble, and the strongest human fabric of bliss, as baseless as the cloud.

"The fashion of this world passeth away."

Reader, thou wilt soon be classed with those that have gone before thee. A new generation will occupy the ground you now tread, and a friendly recollection, or the "story'd urn," be the only relic of thy busy life. Thy years, at most, are but FEW! Thy hopes, if bounded by time's narrow limits, how visionary! Thy expectations, if circumscribed within life's little bound, how precarious! Thy—but, hold; "man that is in honor abideth not." Look around. Learn from what has been, what may be. The tender grass, now merging into luxuriance, doomed by the frosts of the coming winter to fade and die, may open its ephemeral flower when thy head shall be beneath its sod—when the sun of thy mortal life shall be sunk beneath the horizon of time, and thy present possessions know thee no more forever. Thou hast other interests than the fleeting cares of the present world. Here thou art a passenger, not a resident. Thou art indentified only with the present moment, a pilgrim and sojourner, as all our fathers were. Let not the toys of this world beguile you of the more substantial joys which grow in rich luxuriance, bud and bloom in wisdom's path, and exhale their fragrance at every step. Thou art destined to a world where the faculties of thy soul, unfettered from the trammels of mortality, and illuminated with the sun of Truth, will explore in rapturous amazement the glories of Goodness, the sublimity of Wisdom and the fervor of Love.

INTELLIGENCE.

Mountaineers of Hayti.—Mr. Granville, the Agent of President Boyer, has communicated the following interesting facts concerning a people denominated the mountaineers of Hayti:

"They are a secluded people, devoted to peace and the simplest modes of life. When the island is in peace, they come down from the heights of the mountains and cultivate their little lots on its sides or wander in the sloping forests; and sometimes, though very seldom, and in few numbers enter the large market towns of the island. They raise cotton which they manufacture into coarse cloth for their own use, also coffee and vegetables enough for their own consumption; but very seldom carry on any trade, or offer any of their productions for sale. On any alarm of war, they immediately retire to their caves and glens in the heights of the mountains, and are no more seen till the peace is restored. What their numbers are is not known. They have no letters nor education, speak a language peculiar to them, though it is evidently of French origin in part. They are whites in complexion, their hair also white, but woolly like the Africans. They are but little known, as they take no part in the transactions of government; and seem only to be solicitous to live separate from the rest of mankind, unknown and unacquainted with the world."

From a Foreign Journal.

An idea of the immense extent to which the brewing of porter is carried on in London, may be formed by the following description of Barclay's brewery:—If any private concern in England or in the world, is entitled to the epithet of "vastness" this is one. It covers about eight acres of ground, and manufactured last year 351,174 barrels of 36 gallons each. The buildings which contain the vats themselves are enormous. The largest of the latter contains each 4000 barrels. The average number of vats is nearly 100. A steam-engine of 22 horse power is employed in driving the machinery, and about two hundred men are engaged in the various works of the establishment.—It is supposed that the number of persons dependant upon it without doors, in the sale and transportation of the beer, is three or four thousand. The three coppers in which the beer is boiled, hold each 150 barrels. Twenty-five gentlemen once dined in one of these coppers after which, 50 of the workmen got in and regaled themselves. One hundred and ninety pounds of beef-steaks were thus consumed in one day, in this novel kind of dining-room. The tuns in which the beer ferments, hold 1400 barrels each. The carbonic acid, in one of them, stands three and a half feet above the liquor, and pours over the side in a continued stream. A candle is instantly extinguished on being placed near the outer edge of this receptacle, and on holding one's face near it, a sharp pungent sensation is felt in the mouth and face, not very unlike that produced by ardent spirits. An immersion of a few moments would be fatal. One hundred and sixty horses are kept on the premises for the purpse chiefly of transporting the materials to and from different parts of the city.

PRACTICAL ECONOMY.

From the London Farmers' Journal.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF HARNESS.

SIR—Allow me to recommend the following method of preserving leather, harness and traces, engine-hose, boots and shoes, cording, sheep-nets, cart-covers, stack-cloths, &c. in the most effectual manner, to the attention of your agricultural readers, as an invaluable acquisition Take of neats' foot oil one quart; beeswax, cut small, one ounce; oil of tar, [spirits of turpentine] half a pound by weight; and after simmering the neats' oil a little in a pipkin, the oil of tar must be added, when, after a gentle simmering again for a few minutes, stirring it the whole time with a stick, the mixture will be finished; at the same time, if an ounce of naptha be comeatable, and the purpose for which it is to be used should render the expense no object, the composition will, by the addition thereof, receive considerable improvement. It is used precisely as oil would be applied; and where it may be required to *soften* old and hardened leather, a washing or sponging with hot water first is advisable, and the liquid should be driven in before the fire.

Leather or cordage dressed with this liquid, never rots, hardens, grows mouldy, or perishes with blacking. It is likewise a complete destroyer of scabbiness in sheep and other animals. I gave the form, about seven years back, to a person who made a benefit of its sale in town, and afterwards, contrary to a pledge given me, sold the same to two people who now retail a very inferior composition.

As to the expense, one application of this fluid is superior to four or five of oil.

When the rendering leather water-proof is desirable, the ounce of naptha proposed to be added, should have a drachm of India-rubber dissolved in it; for it should be remembered that those things which give suppleness to leather, open the pores; whereas, to make it waterproof, the closing them up by astringent applications, or filling them up by waxy or gummy ones, is indispensable. It is perhaps right to add, naptha is highly inflammable, and therefore should be kept from the fire and candle, and added "*after the mixture is taken from the fire.*"

I am, Sir, your very obed't. serv't.

W. M. DINSDALE.

June 1, 1821.

PURIFYING OIL.

The property which tan has of combining with gelatine, and therewith forming an insoluble precipitate, may be applied to the important purpose of purifying rancid fish-oil. I knew a gentleman who fitted a very complete apparatus with this intention; and by agitating the oil with the tannin and water in a large vessel, to which he gave a rotary motion, the tannin became intimately combined with the gelatinous impurities, and then completely subsided. By this means the oil, which was fit only for burning in the street lamps, was rendered free from smell, nearly equal to the best spermaceti oil, and fit for burning in the closest chambers. *Parkes' Chemical Essays.*

FIRE.—According to Pliny, fire was for a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Eudoxus, the celebrated astronomer showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures.

The Persians, Phenicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledged that their ancestors were once without the use of fire; the Chinese confessed the same of their progenitors. Pomponius Mela, Plutarch, and other ancient authors, speak of nations, who at the time they wrote knew not the use of fire, or had but just learnt it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern relations.

The inhabitants of the Marian Islands which were discovered in 1521 had no idea of fire.—Never was astonishment greater than theirs, when they saw it on the descent of Magellan on one of their islands. At first they believed it to be a kind of animal that fixed itself to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Phillippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents us, even in our own days, with some nations in this deplorable state of ignorance.

The production of fire by collision, and the use of flint and steel, were probably known long before the time of Pliny; though the more ancient method of procuring fire was by rubbing two dry sticks one upon the other with violence. The Indians fasten two sticks of wood together, and then putting another stick between them, they turn the latter swift like a wimble, and thus make the whole take fire.—In Apulia they wrap a cane within some cords, and then drawing the cords backward and forwards, the cane becomes ignited by the motion.

Fire is also to be procured *from the sun* by means of a double convex lens, a concave mirror, or by a combination of a number of plain mirrors. It was by some one of these experiments that Archimedes contrived to set fire to the ships of the Romans during the seige of Syracuse. And that this account is not fabulous, as some writers have imagined, is rendered probable, from the effects which have been actually produced by these contrivances in later ages. The following instances will be sufficient to enumerate.

At the beginning of the last century Mr. Tschirnhausen, a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, made several burning glasses, which were either three or four feet in diameter, and had a focus of one inch and a half diameter at the distance of twelve feet. One of these, which was convex on both sides, and weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, was used by M. Homberg, who communicated the result of his experiments to the Academy, and announced the following facts.

"All sorts of wood," says he "though ever so hard or green, will be fired by this instrument in a moment. Water in a small vessel will boil immediately. Tiles, slates, pomice stones, grow red in a moment, and vitrify. Any metal, into the crevices of a coal, melts in a moment. Lead and tin volatilize entirely.—These ashes of herbs and wood become transparent glass in an instant."

Another instrument and one that was still more powerful was constructed in the year 1773, under the direction of M. de Trudaine, and placed in the garden of the Infanta at the Louvre. It was composed of two large glasses, each four feet in diameter, joined at the edges so as to hold alcohol. These glasses, which were without flaw, were two thirds of an inch thick, and formed two portions of a sphere of eight feet radius, leaving between them a vacuum capable of containing thirty-five French gallons of liquid. The focus of this instrument was at the distance of ten feet, ten inches, when filled with alcohol; at eleven feet, eleven inches, when filled with distilled water; and at seven feet when filled with liquid turpentine. With this apparatus all the effects already mentioned were easily produced, and even the clippings of bar-iron were melted in an instant.

We are imformed, however, by Mons. Buffon, who expended a very considerable sum in the construction of different instruments for concentrating the rays of the sun, that the only way by which the sun's rays can be made to produce an intense heat at a great distance, is by the combination of a considerable number of plain mirrors, so disposed as to throw numerous images of the sun upon the same spot.

One of those instruments, which consisted of 360 plain mirrors, each eight inches long and six inches broad, mounted on a frame eight feet high, produced the following very powerful effects.

When twelve of the mirrors only were used light combustible substances were kindled at the distance of twenty feet. At the same distance a large vessel of tin was melted by 45 of these mirrors, and a thin piece of silver with 117 of them. With the entire machine all the metals and metalic minerals wers melted at the distance of forty feet: and when the sky was clear, wood was kindled by it even at the distance of 210 feet.

In appreciating the comparative value of concave and plain mirrors, Mons. Buffon remarks, that as at the distance of fifty feet the focus, or space in which all the images coincide, is about seven inches broad, metals may be assayed by it, and other curious experiments made in the large way, which it is impossible to execute with concave mirrors, in which the focus is inconveniently near or weak, and generally a hundred times less than that produced by this machine.

Among other purposes for which this instrument may be employed, the author has stated that it might be used with advantage in the manufacture of salt, by producing a quick evaporation of the salt water, without the expense of fuel. An assemblage of twelve mirrors, each a foot square, will he says, be more than sufficient to give a boiling heat to the liquor contained in shallow pans constructed for this purpose.

There are difficulties however in applying this instrument to purposes of general utility which must not be concealed. A cloud passing over the sun during some processes would be a great inconvenience; and when the sun does shine in its full splendor, the motion of the earth will prevent the focus from ever being kept for a minute at a time on one spot.

[*Parkes' Chemical Essays.*]

Water Proof Muslin.—Mr. Macintosh, an eminent muslin manufacturer, has been exhibiting in London, specimens of water proof muslin, and water proof fabrics of various descriptions. He lays two breadths together, and interposes a thin lamina of caoutchouc, (gum elastic, or India rubber,) dissolved in oil of turpentine.—The Muslins thus prepared are light, not distinguishable from others; they wash well; and they can be afforded at an inconsiderable advance of price. Silks, woollens, linens &c. are treated in like manner, and even leather. Of course, such a discovery is of very extensive application, and of great importance to commerce and the arts.

THE OBSERVER

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OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—*Shakspeare.*

VOL. I. PARIS, (Me.).....THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1824. NO 11.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE PRESIDENCY.....*No.* 3.

Fellow-Citizens: Assuming, as a sound republican maxim, that the public character of public men is a lawful topic for free inquiry and candid investigation—should we, at this important crisis, assume a more than ordinary freedom of discussion, we entreat you to read with attention, and weigh with candor, truths, the publication of which has no other design than the common good. While we shall endeavor, as far as possible, to avoid personalities and spare the feelings of individuals, we must not refrain from suggesting to you frankly some of the many reasons we have to be sensible how much we may suffer by harkening too readily to crafty and unprincipled sycophants. This is the political sin which most easily besets a free people: the fatal malady so dangerous to free governments. We apprehend, that it is too palpable a truth to have escaped general observation, that there now exists amongst us a combination of "choice spirits," too ambitious for the quiet pursuits of private life, consisting of the most restless, dangerous and combustible materials of both the old political sects into which this community was formerly divided, engaged in the unholy and sinister purpose of obscuring the brightest luminary in our political horizon; and of, thereby, depriving you of the public services and eminent usefulness of the most illustrious and efficient statesman now on the stage of action. That statesman, who alone has retained, through every trial and every peril, the unshaken confidence and esteem of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe; and who has confessedly done more to promote and establish the great interests and high reputation of your country, both at home and abroad, than any other public man, who has entered on the theatre of public service since the glorious epoch of 1776. And in order to carry into effect this traitorous conspiracy, some of your public servants are laboring hard to prevent the regular and constitutional order of the State. Men you have delighted to honor, regardless of the obligation they are under to promote, to their utmost, the well known wishes and interests of their constituents, have set up themselves as an infallible standard of political orthdoxy, and boldly demand of you conformity to their rules of action. Thereby attempting to usurp and exercise an arbitrary authority over their legitimate and rightful sovereign. But, *fellow-citizens*, does not the redeeming spirit of your republican form of government ensure you a speedy, safe and peaceable redress of these wrongs and injuries? The constitutional period is at hand which guarantees to you the opportunity to correct this procedure, by evincing to public servants, who have so vilely betrayed you, that you have the capacity to discern what is politically as well as morally right, and that you possess the power as well as independence to execute what you determine so to be. And when can you hope for another occasion, so favorable, if this should be neglected, to teach unfaithful representatives that they shall not violate their duty to you with impunity. That they may not, in future, expect to retain your countenance and support, when they counteract the known sentiments of a majority of their constituents, in relation to their dearest privileges? It is always unpleasant, and often invidious to arraign at the bar of public opinion, individuals who are acting an unworthy part, and should be done only when the public safety demands it. That being the present case, suffer, we conjure you, a few remarks in reference to some specific charges, recently exhibited to the public against the man of your choice for the next President.

What, then, is the sum and substance of the mighty charge of Mr. Pickering against Mr. Adams, which, by one full sweep of his envenomed pen, is to blacken forever the fair fame of Mr. Adams? Why, surely—That in the trying crisis of 1807, when the British Lion and Corsican Vulture were rivaling each other in preying upon the life-blood of our commerce; when, after the most patient and long-suffering trial of almost every other peaceable expedient had been reported to, in order to obtain amicable redress of wrongs, without success, that Mr. Adams had the magnanimity to repose some confidence in the "high responsibility of President Jefferson," and when the Embargo was recommended, by him, in hopes that it might ultimately prevent war, and when it was well known, that its whole beneficial effect must depend upon its prompt enactment, in such a conjuncture, as a Senator, Mr. Adams thought it more fitting for him "*to act than deliberate.*" And will republicans, now basely join in the infamous "*hue and cry*" against Mr. Adams for reposing a manly trust in the revered sage of Monticello, who has ever, most emphatically, been the man of the people? And, more especially, after having, during the successive periods of the administrations of several different republican Presidents, availed yourselves of the long-tried experience, unwearied industry, and resplendent talents of this same John Quincy Adams to help you in your utmost need through the most alarming difficulties and trials, in both peace and war? And in the name of decency, consistency and gratitude, shall the identical public men and public prints, which, for nearly twenty years past, have been eulogizing and puffing every political sentiment which could be elicited from the able pen of the always patriotic, venerable and sincere, though sometimes ill-advised and misguided Father, be now countenanced and supported in their shameful abuse of the son on the Father's account? And, let it never be forgotten, that this very Father, "*with all his imperfections on his head,*" was a distinguished co-patriot of *Samuel Adams, Franklin, Hancock, Warren, Otis, Jefferson, Washington* and La Fayette. But what more? The political mountain has labored, indeed, and brought forth her mouse. "List, list, O list!" "If thou didst ever thy dear country love"—There is now a most wondrous tale going the rounds in all the Crawford prints (see 1st page of the Eastern Argus of the 24th ult.) which, like the *Cunningham correspondence* has recently been dug out of the violated sepulchre of the dead, "*That sometime about the spring of the year* 1807, *at the table of an illustrious citizen, now no more, John Quincy Adams lamented the progress of the democratic party, and of its principles, and observed, that he had meditated the subject, and had become convinced, that the only method by which the democratic party could be destroyed was by joining with it,*" *&c.*—so that our *wiseacres* of the North have just made the important discovery, that Mr. Adams has been, during almost twenty years, a spy in the democratic camp, and all the while, through every vicissitude of peace and war, has acted a most conspicuous part, and yet no living mortal, either federal or democratic, ever suspected him, nor ever would have done until the "last shock of time" would have immerged in eternity had "the prison house" of this illustrious defunct, "forbid a tale to unfold, whose lightest word" (it seems) "has harrowed up the souls" of all our *tender-hearted* disciples of their boasted duellist *school-master* of the South.

"'Tis slander, whose edge is sharper than a sword,
Whose tongue out venoms all the worms of Nile,
Whose breath rides on the posting winds,
And doth belie all corners of the world."

FRANKLIN.

For the Oxford Observer.

Sketches of the Mineralogy and Geology of Oxford County.....No. 4.

BASIN FALLS.

These very beautiful falls, are situated on a small stream in Buckfield, a few rods south from the road leading from this town, through that place. The stream is gathered from the roots of Streaked Mountain, and is inconsiderable, except when swelled by the spring freshets, and here in the course of 25 rods, performs a descent of more than 100 feet, through a ledge of Granite. This ledge, from the abundance of Mica and Sulphuret of Molybdenia, that it contains, assumes a slaty, friable appearance, and is worn away by the current, in some places to an astonishing depth. The water now traverses it, in a series of beautiful cascades, and as its course is not direct, it has rounded out in its angular passage, spherical *basins* of uncommon beauty At the termination of its descent, the course of the stream performs a right angle, and at this place, the basin is about three rods in diameter, widening to the top of the bank in the ascent of nearly an hundred feet, which here spreads itself around the basin, in the greater segment of a circle, whose periphery would measure, at least, 150 yards. Into this basin, the water falls in a final cascade of about 30 feet; it is not exactly perpendicular, but comes over the ledge in a trough or flume that it has worn out, and at a little distance, looking like a white ribbon extended over the blackened and weather beaten rock. Standing within this ampitheatre and catching the "tout en semble" of the scenery, one is amply repaid for the descent, in the richness and singular beauty of the view. Looking up the stream, you see it tumbling in foam, through its dark and stoney channel, its snowy whiteness relieved by the iron and rusty texture of the rock, over which it bounds. As it turns here suddenly to the right, it flows at the foot of a precipice, from the top of which, a line may be sent 50 feet before it will touch the surface of the water. Upon the other side, the hill rises up steep and receding, thickly covered with young saplings, increasing in magnitude as the hill rises, and sending together their dense and darkened foilage over the grotto, and rendering it almost impervious to the rays of the sun.—Although the water is many feet deep in this basin, it is so pure and transparent that you may see distinctly the rare minerals, in which the ledge abounds, glittering on the bottom, as if nothing intervened, and the silver spotted trout, darting from one covert to another as you disturb his element, with the same distinctness, as if it moved in the air before you. The solid structure of its circular wall, and the fine area that contains the liquid element, reminds one of artificial formation, and the cooling freshness of the spot, forms too enticing an incitement to one burning from the heat of summer, to forego the luxury of mingling with its pure and tideless wave. It is indeed a spot where even Diana and her quivered attendants might unclasp their zones, nor fear the prying eyes of an Acteon. Even the river God himself, might come up from his broader wave, when the dog-star rages, to sport himself in this romantic recess, unscathed by the beams of Sol, and fenced against all the powers of Eolus. Any one who has drank in the inspirations of ancient literature, in approaching this grotto, is forcibly reminded of their beautiful Mythological system, and would almost look around cautiously, lest he should disturb some sylvan Deity, by his profane presence. There is much similar scenery in this County, and it is wished that some one who feels the "stirrings of the muse" would give to them a "local habitation and a name," and people them with the genuine offspring of a poetic imagination. I mention this place only as a locality of minerals, in which it is very rich.

This ledge, through which the water flows, as I before remarked, is granite, or rather from the great abundance of Mica, passes into Gneiss or Mica Slate, which contains

Sulphuret of Molybdenia, sometimes massive, but mostly in small scales or lamina, which are imperfectly crystallized in hexædral tables.

Oxide of Molybdenia is also common, in the shape of yellow powder or a kind of friable crust. It is found in considerable quantities between the strata that compose the ledge, and also investing the Sulphuret in its gangue.

These two kinds of Molybdenia and Mica, sometimes occur together in such proportions, that the rock crumbles to pieces from the least pressure, and was supposed by the inhabitants in its vicinity to contain *Quicksilver*.

Copper Pyrites.—This is abundant, in thin scales, adhering to the Quartz and Feldspar. Under the water it exhibits a very brilliant appearance and sparkles like the purest gold.

Iron Pyrites—abundant through the ledge, and decomposing cover it with a reddish or Iron rusty appearance and also forming *Sulphate of Iron* in *efflorescence*, which may be seen adhering to the ledge in most places, where it is not immediately exposed to the action of the storms and the stream.

Sulphur is found here in small quantities with the Oxide of Molybdenia, which it very nearly resembles.

Green Mica.—Some of the Mica at this locality, exhibits a *beautiful* tinge of green—and others, a fine *straw color.*

Feldspar.—This is by far, the finest mineral discovered at these falls, as it passes into *Adularia.* Some of the specimens show a most briliant green color and are nearly as transparent as the Quartz.—Some of the specimens are *blue.*—When the Adularia is incrusted with the Copper Pyrites, it renders it uncommonly handsome.

VIATOR.

Mr. Barton—You will much oblige one of your subscribers by publishing in your Observer, the enclosed extract from the New-Hampshire Patriot, as taken from the Salem Register, with its comments thereon.

Isaac Hill, of the Concord, N. H. Patriot, is now one of the most determined opponents of John Q. Adams, and is laboring incessantly in support of the man ludicrously styled the "National Candidate," whom he well knows the people of New-Hampshire will reject. Now mark what this same Isaac Hill said, previous to his interview with the "Giants of Intrigue" at Washington, respecting the identical John Q. Adams, whom he now so strenuously opposes.

"The more we contemplate the character of this amiable, assiduous and excellent statesman and patriot [John Q. Adams]—the further we witness his progress in the diplomatic history of our country; the more we see to admire and applaud. Not content with pursuing the tracks of his illustrious predecessors in the annals of our negociations, his assiduity finds, both in our local and general history, and in the history of other negociations, incidents fruitful in benefits to our country. As well in the negociations with Britain at Ghent, as in the subsequent correspondence with the agents of Spain, did our *accomplished Secretary* fortify himself and his country on high ground, *purely from his superior sagacity and research.*

"When the illustrious Monroe shall retire, we believe no individual will stand more conspicuous for the Presidency than Mr. Adams. The only objection, urged against him, so far from being an objection, *is a strong reason why the people should delight to honor him*: it is, that he has not the manners of a courtier, that his address is plain, that he does not make all the parade which is peculiar to the mighty ones of the earth. A man of his industry and research could not but acquire habits, at which others less industrious, would revolt. The truly great mind—*and such we esteem that of Mr. Adams*, avoids all unnecessary parade, and is as averse to show as the vacant head is fond of making up its deficiencies by the display of external pomp and grandeur.—*Vide N. H. Patriot, Jan.* 11, 1820.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Extract from a letter from an American gentleman now travelling in Europe, to the editors of the New-York Com. Advertiser, dated

Dublin, June 12, 1924.

This city presents the most extraordinary contrast of poverty and magnificence to be met with in Europe. As you approach it you find the suburbs composed of hovels, the sides of which are partly stone and partly earth, the roofs of turf, the entrances about 4 1-2 feet high, the whole dimensions of each not exceeding 12 to 14 feet square. These miserable caves, may or may not have a hole for a window, and an aperture on the top to let out the smoke, if the luxury of fire can be afforded. Around the door the dirty children are huddled—not one half are decently clad: some of them still evince notions of civilization by slinking into the house, or turning their bare parts against the wall as a stranger passes. I see hundreds whose dress, consisting of a mass of rags, of all colors and of all sorts of fabrics, will not furnish one piece of cloth eight inches square—and these tatters seemed to be sewed together only to prevent them from deserting each other.

I am here giving you no high colored picture, nor am I selecting a few rare instances. I restrain myself within the bounds of veritable accuracy—I am talking of what composes the whole environs of Dublin, and embraces a very large portion of its 200,000 inhabitants. There is nothing in France, Germany, or Holland, and I think nothing in Italy, that approaches the spectacles of raggedness, poverty and wretchedness which swarm in Dublin.

Having passed the suburbs, the dwellings improve, and on reaching Sackville-street, you imagine yourself in one of the most elegant cities of Europe. In walking over the city, the late parliament house (now the bank) the exchange, the quay along the Liffey, and several of the public squares, excite the stranger's admiration. There is no part of London which can compare with the centre of Dublin in beauty and magnificence.

But in turning the eye from the architectural splendor which surrounds him, upon the crowds which flow along the streets, the stranger will be struck with the motley nature of the throng. Here is a lass almost buoyant with satin and feathers; there is a trembling girl of 18, purple from cold, and drawing around her the poor rags, which, with all her care, scarce cover her body; here is an *exquisite*, perfuming the air as he passes, with rings on his fingers, diamonds in his broach, and a gemmed quizzing glass at his side; there is an honest fellow who cannot afford a hat, whose feet, summer or winter, know not the luxury of shoe or stocking, and whose whole wardrobe, consists of but two articles, viz. a tattered jacket and about half a pair of small clothes; and not to multiply pictures, while the Lord Lieutenant dashes by in a coach and four, the stranger gazes at the gallant and costly pageant, while he empties his pockets to satisfy the throng of beggars who pray him in the name of God to give them a penny.

You will not wonder that my interest was soon excited for Ireland, after witnessing these scenes. If such misery prevails in Dublin, where more charitable societies exist for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of mankind, than in any other city in the world, what must be the state of the remoter parts of Ireland? From my own observation, and the uniform testimony of intelligent people here, I think I may safely affirm that there is not so wretched a community on the globe as that of a great part of Ireland. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? All the lands in this Island belong to rich proprietors, who live out of the kingdom, and spend abroad all that they can scrape out of the soil. What else than poverty can be the lot of a country thus situated? And when you examine the subject more in detail, you find things still worse than, from a general statement, could have been imagined.

Many of the proprietors employ agents who reside in England, and let the lands to subagents called land pirates, or middle men, who monopolize the soil, and exact what is called rack-rent from the peasants. Nor is rack-rent the most serious burthen which this devoted people have to bear. Every tenth part of the produce of the soil is wrested from them by the Ministers of the church of England, in whose religion they do not believe; while they are still obliged to support their own Ministers in whom they do believe.

Memento.—When La Fayette received an order from Washington to go to Virginia that he might oppose Gen. Phillips, his troops were in want of every thing. On arriving at Baltimore on the 17th April, he was under the greatest embarrasments for want of shoes; "*there not being a pair in his whole command. But the love and confidence he had excited, enabled him to borrow of the merchants* 2000 *guineas upon his own credit; with which he procured such necessaries as were wanting for the forwarding of his detachment.*"

Gordon's Am. Rev.

The noble address of La Roche-Jaquelin to his soldiers, is one of the finest specimens of laconic: "If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me."

OBSERVER.

PARIS, THURSDAY MORN. SEPT. 16, 1824.

On Monday last the annual meeting was held in this State for the choice of Governor, Senators and Representatives to the next Legislature; also Representatives to Congress.

In this town the votes were as follows:

For Governor,	Albion K. Parris,	134
Senators,	Hon. Cornelius Holland,	123
	Hon. James W. Ripley,	123
	Seth Morse, Esq.	13
	Nathaniel Howe, Esq.	10

Col. Simeon Cummings was re-elected to represent this town in the next Legislature.

For Representative to Congress, Hon. Enoch Lincoln had 105 votes. The reason that he had not a more full vote, was, that an impression generally prevailed that he would *certainly* be re-elected, and consequently many withdrew before the ballot was called for.

The following were the only towns heard from when our paper went to press.

	Parris.	*Holland.*	*Ripley.*	*Morse.*	*Howe.*	*Steele.*	*Small.*	*Lincoln.*
Woodstock,	19	19	19	0	0	0	0	19
Norway,	101	82	79	0	0	2	2	*

Uriah Holt, Esq. is chosen Representative of Norway and Greenwood.

**No return received, for Rep. to Congress.*

[The following, from the New-York Commercial Advertiser, is a pretty lively picture, and was perhaps drawn from *real* life. During part of the present season, the steam-boats took passengers from New-York City to Albany for *two* dollars each; but they charged *four* to bring them back again.]

TEN DAYS IN THE COUNTRY.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
On Hudson's broad stream that a steam-boat was near,
And I said if there's speed to be found in the world,
A man who's in debt might be sure of it here.

MOORE—*amended.*

Watts has very justly remarked, that "nothing tends so much to enlarge the mind, as travelling, that is, making a visit to other towns, cities or countries, besides those in which we are born and educated;" and this doctrine has been much in vogue the present year; so much so, indeed, that our goodly metropolis has for weeks been half depopulated. The pews of our churches are nearly empty, and many of the pastors seem to have gone in search of their flocks: the exchange has been so thinly attended, that elbows have been of little use; disease has taken a trip to the country, and doctors walk the streets with faces of an ominous length; whilst those of our friends the brokers, who have not been dancing the giddy round of fashion at the springs, have stood two thirds of the time with arms a-kimbo in Wall-street. Nor have we constantly remained amid this semi-desolation.

It was on one of those melting days near the close of July, when the blood is boiled to a fever, and the brain fried to a frenzy, that, resolved to fly the smoke and dust, and heat of the city, and mingle in the national caravan of itinerants, we threw ourselves languidly into a carriage, and directed coachee to drive to the North River steam-boat. Our trunk was just strapped, and all was ready for the crack of the whip, when we discovered that a number of articles were omitted—a misery, no doubt, but too late to correct—and with pockets and hands full, we drove post hast to the wharf. It was during the two dollar era, and the docks were thronged for a dozen rods round. The step was no sooner let down, than we were assailed by half a dozen persons who jostled us among the wheels of the numerous carriages, crying—"this way, sir, to the Olive Branch—best boat, sir—fine accommodations—plenty of births, sir;" whilst the others bellowed in a louder key—"the Kent, sir, is your boat—old line forever—take your baggage to the Kent—low price, low pressure, sir—come along this way, sir," both parties seized us by the arms, right and left, and we were likely to have been pulled to pieces, when, by an effort we disengaged ourselves, and by shoving, pushing and shouldering, succeeded in gaining the deck.—Here we discovered that we and our baggage had parted—for some boy during the windy contest of the runners, had been blown off with our trunk. However, by great good luck it was recovered, and amid the deafening din of bells, we had the satisfaction of being informed that we had suffered the loss of only one boot and an umbrella.

The deck was crowded with persons of all ages, sexes and conditions; for the *two dollar* bait had caught market-women, black-berry merchants, poulterers, and butter-girls, who preferred going in the steam-boat for two dollars and be found, to going in the sloop for the same price and finding themselves. All was therefore bustle and confusion—some giving directions—moving baggage—taking leave, &c. "This is an extraordinary time," said a fat member, of the seventeen, who was on his way to Albany—"Good bye, darling," said an old gentleman with a brown wig—"say good bye to grandma," squalled the nurse—"farewell Jenny, don't forget the red trunk"—"give my love to the doctor"—"shake hands for baby"—"any oranges, sir—cheap, twelve for a shilling"—"no, don't bother me"—"all ashore there?"—"aye, aye, sir"—"take up the trap door"—"all ready, let her go." "Good bye, good bye," from hundreds of voices of parting friends on board and on shore;—and what with the bells ringing—parties hallooing—the crowds coming and going—the general bustle, noise and confusion, we were almost discouraged, and well nigh like Sandy wished ourselves "back again." When the boat put off, however, we soon found ourselves at leisure to look round and see who we were among, and to calculate as to the quantum of pleasure we were likely to enjoy on board. But we will not attempt to describe the company, numerous and motley as it was, with much precision. Here was the grave senator, fancying the weight of the republic upon his shoulders—there was the bustling merchant—here stood the meek faced divine absorbed in meditation—there was a lisping dandy—and farther on, a corps of lobby members—Here was a fat market woman sitting on a butter ferkin—while in the ladies' cabin was a numerous collection of females tastefully adorned, some of whom, youthful and lovely, appeared like ministers from a brighter sphere descended to "peep at such a world," and unlike the desire of the great poet—*mix* "in the great Babel," and "*feel* the crowd." Among them might be seen the prudent matron, with her blushing daughter of fifteen, just setting out to make her *debut* at Niagara, Montreal and the Springs—the buxom widow "fair, fat and forty," smiling through her half irksome weeds—the standing belle on her twentieth visit to Congress-hall, or Sans Souci—and the rosy cheeked nymph just out of her teens—some awkward and ugly, and others with

"Forms such as Nature moulds when she would vie
With Fancy's Pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings."

[To be continued.]

☞We have anticipated a few hours in putting our paper to press, the present week, on account of the Brigade Review, which takes place at Buckfield this day.

MARRIED.

In New-Gloucester, by the Rev. Mr. Mosley, Mr. Zadoc Long, merchant, of Buckfield, to Miss Julia T. Davis.

In Waterville, Milford P. Norton, Esq. Attorney at Law, to Miss Sarah-Ann Gilman.

In Portland, by Elder Samuel Rand, Mr. Samuel Bryant, to Miss Harriet Burns.

DIED.

In Norway, on the 5th inst. Mercy Elizabeth, aged 16 months, child of Mr. Stephen Greenleaf.—On the 6th, Arvilla, aged two years and 8 months, child of Mr. Benjamin Tucker.—On the 7th, Laura Semanthe, aged 2 years and 3 months child of Mr. Thomas Morey.

In Portland, Mrs. Mary, wdow of the late John Thomas, aged 71. On Wednesday morning last, of consumption, Mr. Nathan Sawyer, formerly of Boston, aged 30 years.

In Lee, Ms. Rev. Alvan Hyde, son of Rev. Dr. H. of that place, and pastor of the cong. church in Madison, Ohio, aged 30.

At Charleston, S. C. of the yellow fever, on board of the brig Enterprize, of Thomaston, about the 16th ult. Edmund Fales, (mate) aged 25, and Almond Fales, seaman, aged 21, both of Thomaston, and brothers of the captain.

In Leicester, on the 4th inst. Widow Sarah Earle, relict of Robert Earle, aged 79.—The whole course of her long life, was a practical illustration of the efficacy of the Christian principle, in sustaining the mind through every trial, and in qualifying it to perform with propriety, the various duties of a parent, a companion and a friend.

In Hanson, on the 13th. ult. Mr. Geo. Thomas, aged 23. His death was occasioned by lightning, which struck at the top of the house and descended to the room in which the deceased was resting his head against the partition, and thence moving in a horizontal direction till it came in contact with the back part of his head, and passed off at his feet. He instantly expired without changing the position in which he was sitting. A woman and child, seated within three feet of him, were not in the least injured.

In Sumner, Mrs. Betsy, wife of Mr. John Butterfield, aged 48. A faithful wife, an affectionate mother, and a sincere friend. To all the friends of goodness, her death will cause regret. We trust she is *transplanted* from this vale of sorrow to the flowery fields of Paradise, and that,

"Though the frailer *body* diet,
The *soul* asserts her kindred skies."

[*Com.*

NOMINATIONS.

ELECTION,

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1824.

FOR ELECTORS OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

[*Two to be chosen.*]

AT LARGE.

Hon. Thomas Fillebrown,
Hon. James Campbell,
Hon. William Chadwick.

YORK DISTRICT.

Nathaniel Hobbs.

CUMBERLAND.

Joshua Taylor.

LINCOLN.

Stephen Parsons.

KENNEBEC.

James Parker.

OXFORD.

Benjamin Chandler.

HANCOCK AND WASHINGTON.

[One to be chosen.]

Lemuel Trescott.
Horatio G. Balch,
Daniel Merrill.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. EDITOR—The advocates of Mr. Crawford appear to feel the necessity of quitting the ground taken in the outset—that of allowing all due praise to other candidates; and to resort to the ignoble measure, too often used in electioneering warfare—that of building up their own favorite by overthrowing the reputation of his antagonist. In this undertaking, they seem to be aware of the great exertions necessary, and, therefore, apply themselves with unusual diligence. Knowing that Mr. Adams' character is too substantial for any power which they can bring to bear directly against it, they resort to means of a less honorable kind, and by diging in the dirt beneath, they hope to undermine it. It it a matter of curiosity to see with what fearfulness they commenced their approaches, and with what caution it has been, till of late, carried on.

Among other objections, is one which is advanced with much confidence, and perhaps with some success among one class of men, as it is directed to the protuberant prejudices of uncultivated and illiberal minds. It is that Mr. A. is the descendant of illustrious parents, and that Mr. C. is the original former of his own character; that while the former has, in some measure, inherited, the latter has created his own merits.

There is, perhaps, nothing which so completely harmonizes with the sensibilities of a real philanthropist, as that sympathy with which he greets a youthful fellow being emerging from the trammels of humble life and ascending toward the summit of earthly fame on powers and acquirements originally his own. And when the benign splendor of the virtues shall brighten in the halo of his name, there is perhaps not on earth another spectacle that can so powerfully rivit the notice of men. It is not the tawdry emblems of assumed power and hollow dignity that attract us. It is not the stars and garters that glitter in our eye to delude our senses. It is the full flood of voluntary applause, without rule and without restraint.

Is there then no lasting value in a fame like this? Must it die and be lost with the form and features of him who gave it life? Is it not inheritable? Does it rise, like the Meteor, to glitter awhile and be forgotten? Man labors for the meat that perisheth and for treasures whose brightest charms shall be changed and become dim; but he whose soul is built on higher views seeks to build a name, which, even in this world, fadeth not away. Whence then is this longing after immortality? Is it circumscribed by our own personal, selfish desires and confined to our own fruition? Not so—It is rather our secret hope that it may descend to our children as the greatest inheritance which they can possibly receive from us. Can we suppose that our present "*National Guest*," when he left all the felicities of social and connubial life to encounter the dangers, privations and uncertainties of a civil war—can we believe that he took this service upon him with no thought, no hope, no expectation that the infant son which he left at its mother's breast, would one day participate in the glory which he should receive as his reward? And further: can we imagine that this great man, at that time, could have entertained a thought that the honors which he might acquire could ever be placed as a bar to the elevation of his son? Such suppositions are repugnant to the best feelings of men, to the dictates of common sense, and to every day's experience. The object of every good parent in his desires to leave to his children a good name, is that it may operate as an introduction to benefits resulting from good society, and the legitimate honors and emoluments of government.

Happily for us, in our free government, no tribunal is established to determine the grade of merit or the reward of greatness. Here the magnificence of character appears when unadorn'd adorn'd the most. The hearld office is kept only in the hearts of the people, where the record is true and imperishable.

It would seem that in no government can the principle that the honors of a father shall descend to the son, as a badge of respect, be recognized with more propriety than in a republic. It affords the most powerful stimulant to the exertion of talent and the cultivation of virtue; and in no government are these exertions so necessary. It is true that honors like these can claim no preeminence among the constituted authorities, nor give any special privilege to place; but when they are found adorning the character of him whose *intrinsic* merits secure the esteem of a people, they must certainly afford a powerful guarantee of political integrity. He whose fame is commingled with that of his ancestors, feels a greater weight of responsibility, than he who stands independent of all restraint, save that of his own good name.

If Mr. Crawford has, by the energies of his own mind, elevated himself so as to stand respectably in competition as a candidate for office, with the son of one of our political patriarchs, whose master genius was fostered from its budding, let him have high praise; but let not this circumstance have any influence in determining what the true merits of his established character may be; nor should it, in the least degree, detract from the merits of his opponent. The question is not how these gentlemen have arrived at their present eminence: but whether they are deserving of the stand they have taken, and which is most elevated. We claim nothing for Mr. A. on account of his ancestors; but most certainly no objection can be brought from this source against our claims for his preeminence. It would indeed be outraging all propriety to place the honors of a father as an obstacle in the path of a son in his progress to reward of a like kind.

YEOMAN.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

COLLEGIATE RECORD.

Hamilton College, (N.Y.)—The anniversary Commencement of Hamilton College was celebrated on Wednesday the 25th ultimo. The degree of Bachelor of Arts, was conferred upon seventeen young gentlemen, and that of Master of Arts on four. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Rev. Robert Proudfit, of Schenectady.

Middlebury College, at Middlebury, (Vt.)—The annual Commencement took place on Wednesday, the 18th ultimo. The degree of A. B. was conferred on twenty-four persons, and that of A. M. on six. The degree of M. D. was conferred on thirty-four students from the Vermont Academy of Medicine, according to the terms of the connexion between the two Institutions.

The Commencement of Amherst Collegiate Institution, at Amherst, (Mass.) took place on Wednesday last in presence of a large audience. Eighteen young gentlemen received the customary testimonial. This Institution has no authority to confer degrees.

NEW-YORK, Sep. 7.

Something New.—We understand that arrangements are now making by the Fire Department in this city, to present to the "Nation's Guest" a new & novel spectacle. It is proposed that the whole fire department assemble in the Park on Wednesday, or Thursday, with their Engines, Hooks, Ladders, Hose, &c. &c.—By this arrangement, General La Fayette will have an opportunity to view all the Engines in our city. They will be arranged around the Park, and all play at one time to the centre, presenting a sight which has never been witnessed by the citizens themselves.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) Sept. 8.

The Hon. Jonathan Russell took passage in the steam-boat Connecticut, on Saturday last, for New-York, to attend the trial of his case with Seth Hunt, the author of the charges implicating his character while on the Ghent mission.

Sailors of the Franklin.—The seamen attached to this vessel have received their wages, amounting to an enormous sum—nearly $150,000. Probably one might as well whistle against the wind, as attempt to persuade them to save their money, to lay it up against a future day, or for the benefit of their families, when they have any. The jolly fellows can be seen all over the city, *two in a coach*, riding in state.—Hundreds of them, probably, will soon be as poor as ever, and forced on to the ocean again without a cent in their pockets.—*N. Y. C. Adv.*

Narrow Escape.—Mr. James Montgomery, of Union Township, Pa. on the 18th ult. very suddenly died, to all appearance; he was cold, pulseless, and no breath could be perceived for several hours. The first usual step towards the last sad offices were taken, and the printer had an obituary notice in type, when he received information that the man supposed to be deceased had been restored to life.

In a heavy squall, in the City of Washington, on Friday evening the 20th ult. the gable end of a brick building fell upon a small frame house, occupied by Mr. Richard Drain, his two sisters and brother, and crushed in the roof; the incumbent weight, together with that of the fallen bricks, broke through the floors to the ground on which the frame stood. There were several persons besides the family, in the house at the time, only one of whom escaped unhurt.

The bodies of Richard Drain, and Henry Macken, were committed to the grave on Saturday, attended by a large concourse of citizens. We learn that the other persons are all likely to recover.

Norfolk Election.—The Boston Patriot gives the votes in all the towns of the disrtict except Hopkinton and Natick, as follows. For Bailey 821, Leland 677, scattering 310. The two towns not heard from, will not vary the result so much as to give a majority to either candidate.

Robbery.—The house of Mr. Griswold Denison, a worthy inhabitant of Stephentown, Rensselaer County, was entered on the night of the 26th ult. by three ruffians, who abused Mr. Denison, his wife and a hired man, and robbed the house of about eighty dollars—all the money they had. While they were searching for more money, Mrs. D. contrived to alarm some of the neighbors. Mr. D. on a condition that his life should be spared him, was forced to get upon his knees and kiss the bible and swear not to make complaint in 48 hours. The greatest exertions were made to arrest the offenders, which proved successful. One was soon taken and part of the money obtained, the other was taken on Friday, and another piece of property found on him; on Saturday last in the afternoon, the third robber was ascertained to be on the hill near the Stephentown meeting-house, and on being pursued turned and fired at the person in pursuit, twice. The alarm was general, it spread quick, the mountain on which he was hid, was immediately surrounded and watched all night, by men well armed, but with no effect. The next morning however, he was arrested, and now the whole three are safe in goal in Troy, to await their punishment. Two of them are old offenders, and one of them undoubtedly, is as great a villain as was ever in that part.

Arrival of the Franklin.—The United States' line of battle ship Franklin, Commodore Stewart, arrived at this port yesterday, from a three years' cruise in the Pacific Ocean. The Franklin sailed from Valparaise on the 28th of May. The officers and crew are all in good health. We are indebted to a highly valued friend at Santiago de Chili, for letters from that place to the 26th of May, and also for a file of the *El Correo de Aruco*, the only paper published in that country, from its commencement, (April 30,) to the 22d of May inclusive. We regret to say that the file of Peruvian papers mentioned by our friend as having been simultaneously forwarded, have not come to hand. There appears to be no political news.

N. Y. paper, August 30.

A gang of pickpockets followed in the train of La Fayette from New-York to Portsmouth. At Boston, Professor Adams of Hanover was robbed of his pocket book, containing about fifty dollars and several notes of hand. In Salem numerous pocket books were taken, with money to a large amount. At Portsmouth a number more were taken—among them the pocket book of our venerable townsman, Jonathan Eastman, Esq. containing a sum of money and a ticket for the public dinner, of a participation in which he was deprived by means of the robbery taking place at the moment dinner was announced. One of the villains was seized while in the act of rifling the pocket book of the Hon. Levi Woodbury, and committed to gaol. *Concord Patriot*

Mrs. Rodney, Lady of our late Minister at Buenos Ayres, has arrived in Philadelphia, with her ten children from Buenos Ayres.

Pilgrim Hall.—The corner stone of this building was laid at Plymouth on Wednesday; on which occasion an Address was delivered by Alden Bradford, Esq. The edifice is to be 70 by 40 feet, with walls of unwrought split granite, two stories high, Several deposites were made in an excavation of the stone; among which were, a sermon delivered at Plymouth, by Robert Cushman, December 12, 1621; —the first newspaper printed in the Old Colony, by Nathaniel Coverly, at Plymouth, in 1786; Daniel Webster's Century Oration for 1820, &c.

Taunton Reporter.

Peaches.—A New-York paper justly complains, that peaches should be held in that city at 75 cents a half peck, while in Philadelphia, excellent peaches were for sale at "17 cents the bushel." We will only add, for the consolation of the writer, that in Boston, last Saturday, peaches were sold at *two dollars per dozen.* *Tel.*

The Hon. J. Q. ADAMS, Secretary of State, is on a visit to his paternal home at Quincy.

Meritorious Action.—About 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, a horse was observed, or rather heard, (the evening being dark) coming up Beekman st. upon a full gallop, and drawing after him, upon its side, a chaise which had been overturned. As the attempt to stop him by speaking seemed only to increase his speed, as he was passing the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, where the people were running in every direction, and approaching Broadway, which was literally filled with people, Mr. Ephraim Frost, to the probable safety of many citizens, and at the imminent risk of his own life, sprang directly in front of the horse, and taking good aim, fortunately seized him by the bridle and after being drawn two or three rods succeeded in stopping him. Such actions should not go unmentioned. Two gentlemen thrown from the carriage were not materially injured.

New-York paper.

Splendid Gift of Fortune.—The fortunate owner of one half of the Hundred Thousand Dollar Prize in the Maryland State Lottery, (Mr. Elisha Tarver, of Knoxville, Georgia) and whose successes at Cohen's Office, we noticed a few days since from the Milledgeville Journal, arrived in this city yesterday afternoon, and on his presenting his ticket (No. 15631,) immediately realized his good fortune by receiving the cash from the Messrs. COHEN'S, agreeably to the promptness and punctuality, which characterize their office. *B. American.*

Useful Receipt. A sure cure for the Billious or Cramp Cholic.—Take a small quantity of brimstone—dissolve it in brandy; temper it with water, and drink it as often as you can, until the pain is removed, which will be after the second or third drinking. Should the third not effect the removal of the pain, continue the dose.—Experience has taught him this who sends it to the press for the good of the community at large.

Unexceptionable Testament.—Sainfrai, a notary of Paris, was sent for to write the testament of a rich man, who desired him to word it so that no room might be left for contestation among his heirs. "No room for contestation! impossible!" answered Sanfairi. "Jesus Christ, the wisest of men, the son of God, drew up a testament, which has been contested for these seventeen hundred years, and will ever be contested. Can I hope to go beyond him?" So saying, he took his hat, and withdrew.

Emigration to Hayti.—The Democratic Press of last evening says—"Sixty adult Negroes and some children have just embarked on board the Charlotte Corde, bound to Hayti. She is to sail at 1 o'clock. A multitude of colored People are looking on; all seem to approve of the plan. We are told that four hundred have engaged to sail from this port."

Growth of New-York.—It is stated in the Commercial, that 5 or 600 new mercantile establishments have been opened in New-York this season; and that more than 3000 buildings have been commenced and are nearly completed within the city limits, most of them of brick and in a style rich, simple and substantial.

From the Hartford Times.

Mr. Editor—In your paper of the 31st August last I noticed the following paragraph.

"Several of the papers have lately asserted that Gen. La Fayette is the last surviving General Officer of the Revolution. But have they forgotten Gen. Sumpter of S. Carolina, the distinguished veteran, of about 90 years of age? A man, who rides about and attends to his own business—he is surrounded by his grand children, the family of Mr. Thomas Sumptor, our late Minister to the Brazils.—*Richmond Enquirer.*"

In addition to the above, permit me to declare, that editors of Newspapers, the people and goverment itself, seem also to have forgotten Gen. *William Barton*, of Providence, R. I.; who, instead of being "surrounded by his grand children," is, to this day, and has been for twelve successive years past, imprisoned for heavy bills of cost, in the town of Dansville, in the state of Vermont! This revolutionary hero, now about 78 years of age, in the year 1777, at the risk of his reputation and life, planned and carried into effect the bold enterprise of capturing Maj. Gen. Prescott of the British army, whose head quarters at that time, were on the Island of Rhode-Island. The chief object of this undertaking was to obtain a British Officer of equal rank with the American General Green and ultimately with a view to effect the exchange of that valuable soldier, who had been taken the preceding year. For this heroic act he was presented with a sword, and received the thanks of Congress.* But is this enough? How many thousands would have been paid for the redemption of Green? Shall the venerable old Patriot be suffered to linger out the remainder of his days, deprived of that liberty, and those privileges, to obtain which, he performed so much, and risked his all? Forbid it our country! Forbid it *La Fayette!* For, one word from *thee* to our *National Government*, in his behalf, would restore this hoary veteran to the bosom of an anxious family—to the bosom of an *affectionate wife*, who still, at the age of 72, resides at Providence, indulging a faint hope that she may yet, before death, see the face of that beloved husband, from whom she has now been *separated* for twelve long and tedious years. Is there no redeeming spirit to intercede for the unfortunate prisoner? *La Fayette*, listen to my feeble voice, and to the invaluable services, which you have heretofore rendered to our country, *add*, this one more, of restoring one of your brother officers of '77 to liberty and to his family.

A GRAND-CHILD.

Sept. 3, 1824.

*See Marshall's Life of Washington.

Presidential Votes.—The following list of the States, with the manner of choosing electors, and the number of electors in each, will no doubt be acceptable to the public:

New-Hampshire, by general ticket,	8
Massachusetts, by general ticket,	15
Rhode-Island, by general ticket,	4
Connecticut, by general ticket,	8
Vermont, by legislature,	7
New-York, by legislature,	36
New-Jersey, by general ticket,	8
Pennsylvania, by general ticket,	28
Delaware, by legislature,	3
Maryland, by districts,	11
Virginia, by general ticket,	24
North-Carolina, by general ticket,	15
South-Carolina, by legislature,	11
Georgia, by legislature,	9
Kentucky, by three districts	14
Tennessee, by districts,	11
Ohio, by general ticket,	16
Louisiana, by legisiature,	5
Indiana, by legislature,	5
Mississippi, by general ticket,	3
Illinois, by people, districts,	3
Alabama, by general ticket,	5
Maine, by people, districts,	9
Missouri, by people, districts,	3

Heroic affair.—The following account of the re-capture of the brig Frederic, of Stonington, from the Pirates of the Pacific, exhibits one of the most brilliant feats we ever heard of. We understand that when the Frederic arrived at Callao, the owners were so much pleased with the gallant conduct of Capt. Burrows, that they immediately presented him with the sum of five thousand dollars.

The Frederic, Capt. A. H. Burrows, was captured on the 26th of December, near the port of Quilca, where she was bound, with a cargo of dry goods. Capt. B. relates the circumstances as follows:—At 10, P. M. the Frederic was fired into by an armed brig, and I ordered on board with my papers. After getting on board and being closely examined respecting my vessel and cargo, they took possession of my vessel and transferred the crew to the privateer. During the night they stood to the southward for Moulaendo, where they intended discharging my cargo; but the next morning when nearly abreast of the port, saw a ship standing in, which they took for a man of war, when the privateer and brig hauled off from the shore.—The captain of the privateer then told me he should send my brig to the island of Chiloe, and if chose to go in her, and she arrived safe, that after discharging my cargo, he would give up my vessel. Thinking there might be some chance of recovering her, and knowing if I left her I should not get her again, I chose to remain by her, and after much persuasion I prevailed on him to let me take my son with me—but he would not consent to my taking any more of my crew. After plundering my vessel of about $12,000 worth of dry goods, rice, rigging, and such other articles as they were then in want of, they put a prize master and nine men on board, and ordered us to make sail for Chiloe. Soon after leaving the priveteer, I learned that her name was the Kintanea-la, Capt. Mattalena, from the Island of Chiloe, and that they had previously taken several English and Patriot vessels, some of which they had burnt, and sent the others to Chiloe, and that she had a large amount of money on board, taken from them. I also learned that Capt. Mattalena, had formerly been an officer under Benavides, and had headed a gang in taking the American brig Hersillia, at the Island of St. Mary's. From this information, and from his conduct in plundering my vessel, I had no reason to expect getting her again, unless I took her by force, which I determined to do whenever a favorable opportunity should offer. I then loaded my pistols, also those of my mate, which I had taken care to stow away on my first arrival on board from the privateer. I then informed my son of my intention, and ordered him to hold himself in readiness. After being in possession of the captors 7 days, we succeeded in re-taking her, drove the Spaniards below in the middle of the day, and then ordered them on deck one at a time, and tied their hands behind them, as I had no irons on board to secure them with. I then shaped my course for Callao. The next day I put seven of the prisoners in a whale boat, with provisions and water to last them to the land—the other three I took with me to Callao, where I arrived two days afterwards, and delivered the balance of my cargo to the former owners.—Two days after my arrival, the privateer appeared off the harbor of Callao, and the U. S. sch. Dolphin, Capt. Connor, and the British frigate Tartar, Capt. Brown, made sail in pursuit of her, but night coming on, she made her escape. A short time after that, the crew of a French ship arrived in their boats, having been captured a little to leeward by the privateer, who had taken from the ship $60,000; manned and ordered her for Chiloe. On the 24th May a few days before the Franklin left Valparaiso, the *Kintanealia* arrived there, prize to a French sloop of war, who had captured her off Quilca. She had been to Chiloe, and landed her money, and was then on her second cruise.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

From France.—By the arrival of the packet ship Edward Quesnel, Capt. Hawkins, in 35 days from Havre, the editors of the New-York Daily Advertiser have received their files of Paris papers to the 31st of July, and Havre papers to the same date.

The news is almost exclusively confined to the affairs of the Greeks. The principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, it is said, are now to be evacuated.

Havre, July 29.—The following letter from Rochelle, dated the 24th inst. has just been handed to us for publication: "We have the honor to inform you for your government, that our vines are considerably blighted; it is generally believed that the crop will not be more than one third of what it was last year, Brandy is affected by this disaster: New Brandy 130 to 135 and old 145 to 150.

Frontiers of Italy, July 12.—The Pacha of Scutari, who has been waiting a long time for money to treat with the Albanians, has at length received the necessary sums, and will soon conclude his arrangements with them.—This circumstance has been the means of accellerating the defensive preparations making at Missolonghi to prevent a surprise from the Pacha. The loan effected in London has also been of great service to the Greeks. They have reinforced their troops in Acarnania and also their advanced guard in Arta. All the mountaineers are armed, and determined on a desperate resistance. If the enemy should advance under Missolonghi, which it is impossible to take unless by a combined attack of the land and naval force, the Greeks will cut off their retreat.

The Mussulman fleet has not been seen in the Ionian sea, and advices have been received, that after having failed in their project of supplying Negropont, they returned to the coasts of Asia Minor.

The garrisons of Patras and Lepanto have given up the idea of making any further sorties. Durwisch Pacha has received orders to hold himself on the defensive till further instructions.

London, July 27.—The last advices from Cape Coast, state that the Fantees have separated from the English troops and had had many skirmishes with the Ashantees.

Odessa, July 2.—They write from Constantinople under date of June 28th, that orders for evacuating Wallachia have at last been given. There was before no question concerning the evacuation of Moldavia. The Reis-Effendi immediately gave notice of these orders to the diplomatic corps, and M. de Menziaky directly announced the expected arrival of Mr. de Ribaupierrie, ambassador of Russia to the Porte.

July 8.—It appears that it was at Casso and not at Tenedos, that massacres have been committed. Between two and three thousand Egyptian troops landed on the Island on the 27th of May, and massacred all the inhabitants without distinction; but letters from Santenea of the 17th of June, say that a Greek corps from Candia, had surprised and beat the Egyptians.

Constantinople, June 52.—Several Greeks who had entered this capital, after having taken refuge at Odessa, have been duped by their confidence in the promises of the Turkish government. On their arrival they were taken up and put into a dungeon, and it is feared they were unable to purchase their liberty.

Berlin, July 17.—Letters from Petersburg say that the conferences in that city in the affairs of the Greeks had not been brought to any definite result. The Emperor Alexander proposed to place Greece under a similar form of government as Moldavia and Wallachia, under the guarantee of the Holy Alliance; but England violently opposed this project, wishing to place Greece under a similar government as that of the Ionian Isles. It is probable that the execution of either of these plans will meet with strong opposition not only from the Greeks but the Turks also.

A letter from *Paris* of a late date, mentions the arrival of Mr. John Randolph, of Roanoke, in that capital, and that his strange costume attracted as much attention as a Sandwich Islander would.

Trial of Gen. Hull.

REPORT of the trial of Gen. Wm. HULL, commanding the northwestern army of the United States, by a Court Martial, held at Albany, 3d January, 1824, and succeeding days, taken by Lieut. Col. Forbes, to which is added, an appendix, containing the charges exhibited against Gen. Hull. Gen. Hull's Defence, and Appendix No. 2. containing Letters, and Depositions. The whole comprized in one vol. 8 vo. of 310 pages.

The above work is often referred to in Gen. Hull's Letters, which are now publishing in the newspapers.

For sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

Classical Books, &c.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, Humbolt's New Spain; History of Rome; History of Greece; Life of Bonaparte; Life of Commodore Decatur; Life of Commodore Perry; Life of Mrs. Graham; and Life of Martin Luther.

Also—For sale, the following Classical Books, viz. Adams' Roman Antiquities; Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary; Virgil Delphina; Horace Delphina; Cicero de Oratore; Cicero's Orations; Excerpta Latina; Titii Livii; Viri Romanae; Latin Primus; Latin Primer; Latin Grammar; Greek Grammar; Greek Testaments; Minora, &c.

Likewise.—Bonneycastle's and Euler's Algebra; Gummere's and Flint's Surveying; Pike's 8vo. Arithmetic; Johnson's and Walker's large Dictionary; Murray's 8 vo. Grammar, &c. &c.

Also.—A good assortment of Stationary Articles, among which are Demi, Foolscap, Pot, and Letter Paper; Gilt Letter Paper; Drawing Paper; Marble Paper; Quills; Red and Black Ink-Powder; Inkstands; Wafers; Sealing Wax; Slates; Scales and Dividers; Protractors; Led Pencils; India Rubber; Sponge; Pocket Books; Memorandum Books; Ladies' Indisponsibles; Penknives and Razors *of the first quality*; Razor Strops; Shaving Boxes and Brushes; Real Windsor Soap; Transparent Soap; Wash Balls; Watch Chains and Keys; with many other articles, which will be sold at the *Oxford Bookstore prices.* *Sept.* 16.

Spectacles and Combs.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, a good assortment of

SPECTACLES

suitable for all ages. *Also*—a large assortment of *HAIR COMBS*; Head and Ivory Combs, which will be sold unusually cheap.

For sale, as above, a few *Steel Plated SHOVELS*, with straped backs—*cheap.* Sept. 16.

Executor's Sale.

TO BE SOLD, by order of the Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, on Monday the 18th day of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, on the premises, in Lovell—One third part of a Fulling Mill, Privilege, tools and apparatus, except the Shears, situated in the town of Lovell, in said County of Oxford. Said estate is to be sold for the payment of the debts of Moses Chandler, late of Fryeburg, Physician, deceased.—Terms of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

JOSEPH CHANDLER, Executor.

Fryeburg, Sept. 13th, 1824.

Administrator's Sale.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of September instant, at 2 of the clock P. M. at the dwelling house of the late Luther Pratt, of Paris, deceased—all the *Apples* now growing (in the orchard) on the farm belonging to said deceasd's estate.—Terms liberal and made known at the sale.

THOMAS CLARK,
Adm. *debonis non of said estate.*

September 15th, 1824.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following lots of and in the town of Jay, in the County of Oxford, belonging to non-resident Proprietors, are taxed in the bills committed to me, the subscriber, Collector of taxes in said town, for the years 1823 and 1824, in the following sums, viz.

	No. lot.	No. Range.	No. Acres.	Value.	State, County, & town tax for 1823.	St. Co. & town tax for 1824.
					$ d. c.	d. c.
——Purrington part of	5	5	7	10	7	8
Heirs of William Stearns	13	2	100	200	1 44	1 50
	15	12	100	200	1 44	1 50
Eben. F. Freeman's heirs	2	4	15	30	22	23
Thomas Smith	7	2	100	300	2 16	2 25

And unless said taxes, and all necessary intervening charges, are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before *Saturday, the ninth day of October next*, so much of said land will be sold at Public Auction, at *Lot P. Nelson's Inn*, in said Jay, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, as will discharge the same.

BERIAH G. HOWLAND,
Collector of Jay for 1823 *and* 1824.

Jay, Aug. 23, 1824. 9 3w.

STOP THIEF.

THE shop of the subscriber, in Buckfield Village, was broken open on the night of the 25th inst. and the following articles stolen therefrom, viz. One new double shield Saddle, having a silver plate on the pommel and kentle, one of the small skirts being of thin leather and the edge partly curled up; three or four common Bridles, and three Raw-hide Whips.

A stranger of short thick statue, with long light colored bushy hair, and large sandy colored whiskers, being affected with a caugh and pressure on the lungs, and wearing a blue coat and pantaloons, was tarrying in the neighborhood, and is supposed to have stolen said articles, together with a HORSE, which is missing from a pasture in the vicinity.

☞Whoever will arrest the thief so that these articles may be secured shall be resonably rewarded.

JOHN SHAW.

Buckfield, August 29, 1824. 9 3w

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, on the estate of JONATHAN BARKER, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

WILLIAM BARKER.

Newry, August 10, 1824. 9 3w.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT JOURNAL,
AND
Register of Official Papers.

THIS publication, which is *exclusively* devoted to the compilation of OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS, STATE PAPERS, &c. is issued once in each week, (or oftener if necessary) by Peter Force, at the National Government.

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And generally, such other official information, as may, from time to time, be promulgated by the National Government.

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JEREMIAH HASKELL,

SIGN OF THE GILT HAT,
No. 7 Exchange-streeet.....Portland,

KEEPS constantly on hand, a general assortment of *Superfine, Fine, and low-priced* BEAVER, CASTOR and IMITATION

HATS,

ALL OF THE FIRST QUALITY.....ALSO,

IMITATION HATS, on favorable terms, by the case.—Men's and Boys FELT HATS.

Portland, June 28, 1824. 3m.

PORTLAND AND PARIS

MAIL STAGE.

THE Proprietor of the above line in future intends running his Stage twice a week.

It will start from Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and pass through the following towns, viz: *Westbrook, Falmouth, Gray, Poland, Hebron, Norway* and arrive at *Paris* same day.

☞Every Saturday it will pass through *New-Gloucester* and *Minot*, going from *Portland*; and every Monday pass through the same towns in returning to Portland.

RATES OF FARE.

On Wednesdays going from Portland, and on Fridays returning.

From Portland to Gray,			$1 00
"	"	*Poland,*	1 25
"	"	*Hebron,*	1 50
"	"	*Norway,*	1 80
"	"	*Paris,*	2 00

On Saturdays going from Portland, and on Mondays returning.

From Portland to Gray,			$1 00
"	"	*New-Gloucester,*	1 37
"	"	*Minot,*	1 50
"	"	*Poland,*	1 50
"	"	*Hebron,*	1 75
"	"	*Norway,*	2 00
"	"	*Paris,*	2 25

☞Those who wish for passage in the above line, or to entrust busness to the care of the subscriber, will please apply at I. WATERHOUSE'S *Stage Tavern*, in Portland, or to the subscriber's boarding house, on Paris Hill.

The subscriber pledges himself that good Carriages and Horses shall be provided. And that nothing, which assiduity and unremitted exertion can effect shall be left unaccomplished to entitle him to a share of public patronage. JAMES LONGLEY.

POETRY.

From the Emporium.

THE DIRGE OF SUMMER.

The gales are out with gentle winds
  Fanning the yet unfaded flowers,
On banks whence, from her banquitings,
  Summer has flown to other bowers—
To other bowers beyond the sea
  Of shoreless blue, whose starry isles
Hush their sweet midnight melody,
  And woo her to their shores with smiles.

And sweetly smile those flowrets now,
  Calm as if heaven was still their own,
And summer o'er them bent her bow,
  And scattered sunbeams from her zone—
So I have seen a listless child,
  By heaven bereaved of her who bore it,
Smile on the world's untemper'd wild,
  While storms of sorrow gather'd o'er it!

Oh chant the dirge of summer!—past
  Her sunny reign, her showers of roses,
This lingering flush is but the last
  Smile that on dying lips reposes—
Ay, though the mead, the bank, the grove,
  Are green, and gay with music yet,
Autumn shall hush the songs of love,
  And wave her wings all dripping wet.

Yon delicate and stainless sky
  Shall change its garniture of gold,
Hang all its gorgeous trappings by,
  And shrink from Autumn's breathings cold,
And pale decay shall soon be seen,
  Where Summer yet her garland weaves,
And all that now is gay and green
  Give place to Autumn's yellow leaves.

ALMIREZ.

CANDOR.

HYMN, BY DOCTOR SCOTT.

All-seeing God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

Who among men, great LORD of all!
Thy servant to his bar shall call,
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of wo!

Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed!
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.
If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould;
And Charity our lineage prove,
Derived from thee, O God of love!

AGRICULTURAL SURVEYS.

[We give the following from the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository, as copied by the N. E. Farmer. That the object, at which it aims, will be immediately accomplished, we have no expectation; yet if it could be but partially done, there would result from it a great benefit to the agricultural community—and, we hope that our practical agriculturalists, will peruse the article, and carry it into execution, so far as they may conceive it to be beneficial.]—*Ed. Ob.*

One of the earliest measures of the British National Society for the Promotion of Agriculture was to procure a correct survey of the several counties in England, and Scotland. The French Agricultural Societies very early adopted the same course. We mention these examples, because some weight is deservedly due to the opinions and practice of the two most enlightened, and rival nations, in Europe. The result of their efforts has been a more perfect geological, statistical, and agricultural account of those countries, than could have been obtained in any other way. In France, where there are, we believe nearly as many agricultural societies as there are departments, there exist the most ample means of ascertaining not only the character of the soils of the several departments, but of every branch of industry, within these departments. In England, and Scotland, these surveys have been rendered still more perfect, than in France, and they have been deemed of so great importance as to be incorporated in their latest scientific work, the Supplement to the British Encyclopædia. Geography, before these minute surveys, was a very limited science. It gave the boundaries of states, their rivers, lakes, mountains and general productions, but it furnished little information as to the distinction of these particulars in the several countries, of which it professed to give an account. You might indeed learn that the tin mines were to be found in Cornwall, and the copper mines in Wales, and Anglesea—and iron mines in Dalecarlia, but minute accounts of the geology, and productions of each county were unattainable. There were indeed no means of ascertaining the comparative riches, and power of each district of any state.

Yet it cannot be doubted, that such minute knowledge of the productions, and natural advantages of every part of any country is essentially necessary to a sound, and judicious estimate of its resources, and to an advantageous application of these resources to the general good. A county or district might possess articles of great value and importance to its neighboring districts, but for want of a proper diffusion of the knowledge of the facts, the neighboring districts might at great and unnecessary expence, seek from abroad those articles which they could more cheaply obtain at home. A quarry of slate upon our present system, or of coal, might remain for half a century unknown, or the knowledge of it be confined to the vicinity, but a thorough examination of the soil and productions of every county in the state, and published under the auspicies of a general society would soon make us familiar with the capabilities of our country, and thus essentially promote its prosperity. The courses of rivers, and streams, their falls, their capacity to give extension to our increasing manufactures, would be soon made known, instead of the present tardy process of individual exertion. We should also have a much better comparative view of the resources of every part of the commonwealth, and those portions, which were defective in their agriculture, and manufactures, would learn from those, which were more advanced and strive to emulate or exceed them.

It is to be doubted, whether any, the most intelligent man in the state, could give a tolerably accurate account of the soil, productions, agricultural practices, or usages of any one county in the state, *except* the one in which he resides, and it may be questioned whether any man, however intelligent, is at present able to give a correct account even of his *own county*. Such an account can only be procured by the united efforts of many enlightened men among whom must be included some persons of science. That the natural history of our own state was imperfectly known ten years since, is proved by the works of Bigelow, and Webster, and Hitchcock. No man who has read their works can deny, that he has learned much which he did not *know before*, and yet these learned men will be the first to *admit*, that our country has been *as yet* very *imperfectly explored*. It is as true that we are ignorant of the productions of our state in the gross, whether it respects our agriculture or our manufactures. The miserable and defective details taken by the officers appointed to return the census who were paid a per diem allowance, scarcely deserve the name of information.

The most natural course of obtaining this information, the most easy, and the most perfect would be the voluntary exertions of the several local societies for promoting agriculture.

Their employments are now too few for their numbers, and their talents. They require a new and specific object of research to encourage, invigorate and stimulate their exertions. That object will be found in collecting the materials for a statistical history of their several counties—their natural advantages or disadvantages—their improvements in agriculture, and in manufacturers—their races of animals, the several breeds which they raise and encourage—whether they have derived any benefit from modern changes in them, and how great. By such an effort, the local societies will have the esprit du corps, the *local pride encouraged*.—While every report will be confined to a fair exhibition of facts, yet knowing, that every neighboring county will be their rivals, and strict judges, each society will be induced to give as full and favorable an account, as facts will authorize them to do and no more. There will be a struggle also as to the comparative talent which shall be exhibited in the several returns. As these reports will be printed by the General Society, and form a part of the history of the state, the ability with which any particular county report shall be executed, will be known throughout the Union, and perhaps in Europe. The local societies will probably select the ablest men in every *branch* to give the history of that *branch*. We may hope then to advance by these means more efficiently than we could by any other, the geographical, geological, agricultural history of this state. It is true we have no funds to pay gentlemen for this attention. We have not the 22,000 dollars per annum at the disposal of the British Royal Society—nor have we the aid which has been most nobly afforded by Stephen Van Ransselaer, Esq. for a geological and agricultural survey of the county of Albany, but we offer what in New-England is, we hope, enough, *public favor*, and *reputation to the contributors*. We fully believe, that if the local societies will cautiously, and with a deep conviction of its importance, name gentlemen of their own counties, to superintend the work, selecting *botanists* for that *branch*. Geologists and mineralogists for these sciences—and intelligent cultivators, and experienced manufacturers for these departments, we may have the pleasure and benefit of having detailed surveys of each country, of which we may be proud, and we pledge ourselves, that this journal shall, to the exclusion of all other matter, if it be necessary, be devoted to this important department of knowledge.

As to the benefits which such an inquiry and such publications will confer on the agriculture of the state, we should hope there could be no dissenting or doubting opinions. If no one man knew, what his *neighbor did*, he never could learn any thing *new* except by his own unaided genius, and as invention and genius are rare gifts, the progress would be necessarily slow. Such is our present state in a considerable degree. We know not the actual state of improvement beyond our own limited sphere. It will be seen, that if our plan, which is that of the English surveys, shall be carried into execution, we shall *know all* that we could wish to know, as to every part of the state.

We have not the sanguine confidence to hope, or expect, that our suggestions will be *at once* carried into complete effect, yet we do hope, that some two or three of the most opulent counties will commence it. We hope that Worcester, Essex, Berkshire and Hampshire will attempt it. If they do not, it will certainly not arise from deficiency of talent in those counties; but we apprehend, from *doubting its utility*. Yet we should ask, in what better mode can you procure a good statistical account of our country? and how can the members of the agricultural societies be more honorably or advantageously employed than by devoting their time to the extension of the means of ascertaining the actual state of industry?

The surveys in France and England have generally extended to the following objects;—the description and natural, and statistical history of the several counties, districts and departments—their situation, extent, divisions, (such as towns, parishes, &c.)—form and surface, whether mountainous or flat, or partly the one and the other—climate, soils, minerals, waters, including lakes, ponds and rivers—canals, agriculture, including breeds of cattle—agricultural productions, modes of management, manufactures, commerce, and population."

Although it cannot be expected that we shall receive as full returns, and as complete a history as in countries where it is effected by governmental aid, yet we think that our county societies may if they deem it worthy of their attention furnish very interesting accounts of their respective counties. Where there are gentlemen who are conversant with botany it would be very desirable to add some account of their plants, particularly of their forest trees—and of the state of their forests. It cannot be doubted that such an inquiry would conduce in a greater degree to the knowledge of the true state of our country, and do more towards the advancement of its agriculture than any thing which we have as yet effected. It ought to be known by way of stimulus that the French surveys which have been very ample and satisfactory, have been made at private expense chiefly.

MORALITY.

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

When we are in adversity, we are generally like the sea in a tempest; we are restless, impatient, and full of complaints; it is well we are not equally so in prosperity. It is true prosperity resists a thousand gay and fantastic ideas, which, like insects, wanton and flutter in its sunshine, but disappear and die upon the first cloudy day. Whatever our condition may be, some one thing or another is wanting to satisfy our minds and keep them at rest. When we are in WANT, and feel the pressing calls of necessity, then, could we but lift our heads above distress, we should be both contented and happy. In that painful hour, give us but the necessaries of life, and we will accept them with gratitude, and disquiet ourselves no further. Let others divide the rest of the world between them as they please.

Thus we see objects while at the foot of the hill; but as we rise, our desires keep equal pace, and rise with us—we do not see gratitude, contentment, and complacency, keep pace with the growth of a man's fortune. The truth is, we change with our condition. The moment our old desires are answered, new ones rise up in their place—and these new ones are equally as importunate and troublesome to us as the former, and engage us in equally as many toils and vexations.

Let all the old and mighty grievances we complain of so heavily, be once removed, such is the unaccountable invention and ingenuity of us poor mortals, that we shall soon provide ourselves with a fresh and handsome set of new ones. We can no more live without them than without air. We shall see something or another that we shall covet, or meet with some trifling misfortune, which we cannot well bear—for a very little matter will trouble us in the day of prosperity! Like froward children, who have been much indulged, we feel the least neglect.

The fact is, we bring ten misfortunes and sufferings upon ourselves, where we meet one from heaven—we have a most unaccountable address in acquiring troubles. Some people are always complaining of their situation, and of the vexations they meet with, when they themselves are the real cause of all their troubles.—They will set down and give fancy or imagination full scope—it goes out a gadding, and returns laden with fruits of folly.

We fix an ideal value to objects, and when we have decorated the image, become enamored with it, merely for the trappings we have fixed upon it! Imaginary wants trouble us more, yea, seventy times seven, more than all those which are real. One aims at ten thousand per-annum, not contented with his five thousands, which is more than sufficient for all the valuable purposes of life. Another enjoys a fine reputation, and is beloved by all; but he can bear no man who resembles him, or even approaches to an equality—while a third, who has all the pleasures of life in his hand, is looking after something still more delightful.

THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS.

An interesting, but care-worn mendicant, in vacant mood of mind, entered the store of a wealthy merchant in this city, and as he passed along, his eye rested upon an unusual quantity of gold and silver coin, which the clerks were busied in counting. His heart sunk within him as he felt the chill of November, which reminded him of the poverty of his lot, and the misery of his family, and turning away in despair, he ejaculated to himself, "how happy some of that money would make me!" "What is that you say, my friend?" interrogated the merchant.—The confused mendicant begged to be excused:—he was not conscious of uttering any thing at the moment; at any rate his thought was not meant for his ear. But the kind hearted merchant would not take denial and the poor man repeated what before had involuntarily broke from his lips. "And how much, my dear fellow, would it take to make you happy?" "O, I don't know:—the winter is coming on apace, and I have no wood; my wife and children are but poorly clad, for I have been sick. Our wants are limited, however, and fifteen dollars would dissipate the gloom of winter." "John, count this man fifteen dollars."

The ingenuous heart can *feel*, like the grateful stranger, the nobleness of such bounty, and exult for human nature that meek-eyed charity should find such a kindred abode. At evening, the clerk inquired, what entry he should make of the money? "O! say, By making a man happy, $15," answered the no less eccentric, than humane merchant. A ray of heavenly light does occasionally break upon this scene of war, or selfishness and ambitious strife: enough to agonize the spirit with despair, for the future safety of that unnumbered host, who never feel a glow of charity, and whose breasts are the abodes of "fraud, oppression and hypocracy."

N. Y. American.

A portuguese, who, from obscurity, had raised himself by the most distinguished merit to a peerage of that kingdom, being in company with several of the most ancient families in Lisbon, became the object of their wit and raillery, on account of his infant nobility—with a design therefore to pique him in the tenderest point, they turned their discourse alone on the honors derived from nobility of birth, each extolling the great achievements of his distinguished ancestors in the warmest terms of panegyric—At last it came to this nobleman, as is the custom of the country, to give his sentiments; when the rest of the company were scarce able to contain themselves from open laughter, expecting he must leave the room in extreme disorder—But how great their astonishment, and even their shame, when this *truly* illustrious personage, with the greatest composure and good humor, addressed them thus:

"My Lords, I acknowledge that all of you have given a very flattering account of your ancestor's immortal deeds; but from this I can only gather, that the honors you enjoy, were thus simply delivered by hereditary succession into your hands; but, my lords, my plea, thank heaven, is widely different: I have the virtuous satisfaction of saying more than you all; that I have obtained all my honors by my own immediate actions, and shall therefore have the superior pleasure of transmitting them, unsullied to my successors, for *them* to boast of."

ANECDOTES.

Genuine Laziness.—A young farmer inspecting his father's concerns in the time of harvest, found a body of the mowers asleep, when they should have been at work. "What is this?" cried the youth; why, "me, you are so indolent, that I would give a crown to know which is the most lazy of you." "I am he," (cried the one nearest to him,) still stretching himself at his ease. "Here, then," said the youth, holding out the money." "Oh, no matter George, said the fellow, folding his arms," "do pray take the trouble of putting it into my pocket for me."

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords in the affair of Capt. Porteus and telling of the variety of shots fired upon that unhappy occasion; he was asked by the Duke of Newcastle what kind of shot it was? "Why," says the man in his broad dialect, "such as they shoot *fools* with and the like."—"What kind of *fools?*" says the duke, smiling at the word. "Why, my Lord, *dukes*, and such kind of *fools*.

Three Irishmen having four dollars, they wished to divide between them, and seeing that it was utterly impossible to split the odd dollar, were about giving up the point—at last says one, by St. Patrick I've hit upon it, here's *two for you two, and two for me too.*

Misunderstanding.—A gentleman walking with a lady made a miss step and fell. The lady feeling for his situation assisted him in recovering his feet, observing that she was sorry for his *faux pas*. To this the gallant angrily replied, "what is that you say, madam, about my *fore paws?*—and immediately made his exit in a rage.

When the humorous Judge D—s was on the bench of the Supreme Court, in giving a charge to the Jury, he had occasion, frequently, to make use of the terms *mortgagor* and *mortgagee*.—The foreman of the Jury asked the meaning of the words, candidly confessing he did not know their import. His Honor facetiously explained them thus:—

I *nod* to you—you notice me,
I'm the *nod-or*, you the *nod-ee*.

Cried Celia to a Reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
Since Marriage is an holy thing,
That there is none in Heaven.
There are no women he replied;
She quick returned the jest,
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

A learned clergyman in the province of Maine, was lately accosted in the following manner, by an illiterate preacher who despised education; "Sir, you have been to College, I suppose." —"Yes sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former "that the *Lord has opened my mouth to preach* without *any* learning."—"*A similar event*," replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time, but is of rare occurrence at the present day."

Damp Tinder.—The following dialogue is said to have taken place on board of a sloop in the North River, between the Captain and his boy.

Capt. Boy, put a lighted candle in the Binnacle.

Boy. The fire is all out, sir: and the tinder is so damp it will not catch.

Capt. Throw it overboard, and burn some new immediately.

Boy. Ay, ay sir!

Query. Which of the two would set the river on fire?

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